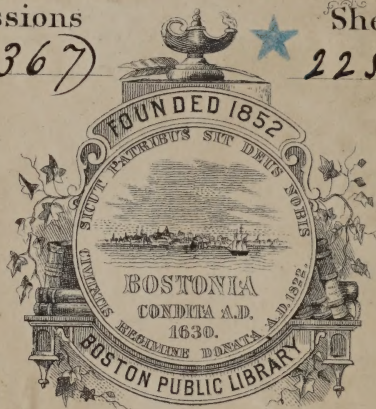


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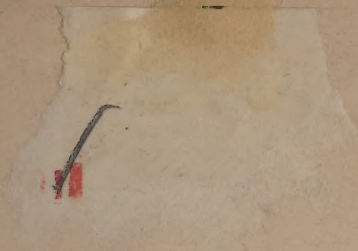
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LESSONS LEARNED FROM OTHER LIVES.



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BY
B. O. FLOWER.



(VICTOR HUGO ON THE JERSEY CLIFFS.)

ARENA PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.





Cordially Yours
W. O. Flower

LESSONS LEARNED

FROM

OTHER LIVES

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BY B. O. FLOWER.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON, MASS.
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PREFACE.

IN presenting these brief sketches my aim has been to give in as short a compass as possible a fair and just outline of the life under consideration, while at the same time indicating the lesson or lessons which it emphasized. Frequently I have been able to bring out some leading characteristic by an anecdote or an illustration, and when this has been the case I have improved the opportunity; as a story illustrating a prominent characteristic or marking some important epoch or turning point in life will be retained by the young reader much more readily than a simple narrative unembellished.

It seems to me that there is nothing in literature more valuable for young people to read than the lives of those who, in travelling the journey of life, have left their impress for good or bad on society. Every life carries its lessons—it matters not whether they are warnings or inspirations, they are alike valuable to the young who have the journey before them. If this little work serves in a measure to strengthen hope, stimulate ambition, or feed the flames of endeavor, nay, more, if it makes a single life nobler, braver, or more manly, I shall be well repaid.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

SENECA	23
EPICETUS	24- 31

THE WARRIOR MAID.

JOAN OF ARC	32- 41
-----------------------	--------

THE STATESMAN.

HENRY CLAY	42- 54
----------------------	--------

THE ACTOR.

EDWIN BOOTH	55- 73
JOSEPH JEFFERSON	74- 86

THE POET.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE	87-104
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	105-121
EDGAR ALLEN POE	122-139
ALICE CARY	140-152
PHŒBE CARY	153-170
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER	171-179

THE SCIENTIST.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE	180-188
---------------------------------	---------

THE MANY-SIDED GENIUS.

VICTOR HUGO	189-255
-----------------------	---------

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

SENECA.

THERE is nothing in the literature of ancient Rome more calculated to excite our wonder and admiration, than the writings of the philosopher Seneca. They are among the loftiest, purest, and most humane utterances to be found in the literary wealth of any age; and yet, he lived in a day that was probably as depraved, corrupt, licentious, and essentially criminal as any that darkly stain the annals of time. Indeed, we cannot picture the state of society at that period more graphically than Seneca himself portrayed it when he said: "All things are full of iniquity and vice. We struggle in a huge contest of criminality. Daily the passion for sin is greater and the shame in committing it less. Wickedness is no longer committed in secret; it flaunts before our eyes and has been set forth so openly into public sight, has prevailed so completely in the breasts of all, that innocence is not *rare* but *non-existent*." Furthermore, it must be remembered Seneca himself

was a portion of this time playing a prominent part in the highest circles of political and social life. His immortal utterances, which would have added to the glory of any age, issued from a life that long dwelt in the bosom of the imperial court of Nero—that moved and acted in the midst of the vilest cess-pool of unmitigated iniquity and crime, where the most flagrant immorality was practised in the broad daylight; where the priceless pearl of chastity was trampled under foot on all hands; where maidens were violated and matrons dishonored; where the law of license ruled on the throne of justice; where in the stead of that iron-nerved, heroic manhood which in earlier days made Rome great, luxury had now brought forth a race, weak, cowardly, and effeminate; and where there existed the greatest wealth, extravagance, and waste, by the side of the most abject poverty, misery, and starvation. It was in the midst of this sea of moral and social shame—in this age of heartless cruelty—in the court of Nero—that we find this great stoic philosopher who, though in life he sinned and too often fell short of his high ideal, yet in whose soul surged thoughts and aspirations, among the most sublime, ennobling, and lofty that are known to man. The life of Seneca is marked by great changes and crowded with romantic and tragic interest. He was

BORN IN THE BEAUTIFUL CITY CORDOVA,

where the warm, rich glory of the southern sun falls with such resplendent beauty on the sombre, but poetic cypress, the fair waving palms, and the fragrant orange groves.

Cordova ! marvelous, historic Cordova, whose fame dates back to the days of Carthaginian greatness, the city that was alike the glory of ancient Rome and in a later time of Moorish Spain : the pride of two distinct civilizations, and to-day the shame of a third — which, in its superstitious fanaticism, well-nigh destroyed the splendor of Moorish arts and the Aladdin-like triumphs of a now dead civilization. To this city of picturesque beauty and romantic interest belongs the honor of Seneca's birth-place ; yet within her historic walls he was nursed for a short time only. His parents, when he was still almost an infant, moved to Rome,—then the great throbbing heart of the civilized world.

Meagre indeed are the details connected with

THE EARLY LIFE OF SENECA ;

like Shakespeare,—indeed, like so many of those chosen ones, the brilliancy of whose genius and imagination have shone forth for all time,—the history of his youth is enveloped in comparative obscurity ; vainly do we seek to follow this son of a wealthy and cultured Roman knight, from the day of his arrival in Rome, through the maze of his childhood and youth, until he stands forth in the glory of early manhood. The few facts we do possess come chiefly from his own lips ; they show us how and by whom the foundation of his splendid ethical philosophy was laid. His mother, Helvia, was a Spanish lady of remarkable intellectual and moral worth. A sweet nobility pervaded her life, and in the rare fragrance of the atmos-

phere she created, doubtless Seneca early received those fundamental truths that led him into the walks of the highest philosophy of the day and revealed to him, while he was yet a child, the inherent loveliness of virtue and the hideousness of vice. For this noble mother he ever cherished the greatest love, reverence, and admiration. In writing to her while in exile, and seeking to comfort the heart he felt was aching for him, he tenderly reminds her of the high place she occupied in his mind, in the following beautiful language: "You never stained your face with walnut juice and rouge, you never delighted in dresses indelicately low; your single ornament was a loveliness which no age could destroy—your special glory was a conspicuous chastity." Next to this high-minded and devoted mother's influence, and serving as a sequel to her ennobling precepts, Seneca, while yet a boy, learned the pure, elevating, ethical teaching of that noblest of the ancient sects in philosophy, the stoics; indeed for his mind their belief possessed a fascination as irresistible as the spell created by the fabled music of Orpheus. When other youths were loitering at the public baths, unblushingly relating the most atrocious outrages and degrading orgies, in which they were principals, Seneca was eagerly drinking in the ripe wisdom of the great Attalus, or rapt and charmed by the eloquent truths that fell from the lips of Sotion; these two holy sages he chiefly loved, though there were other masters for whom he entertained the profoundest reverence, one of whom taught him the practice of self-examination. Each night when the lights

were put out, he quietly reviewed his conduct of the day, asking himself, first: "What evil have I this day cured?" secondly: "What vice have I resisted?" thirdly: "In what particular have I improved?" This was his invariable custom; and he adds, when referring to these examinations, "Why should I conceal or reserve anything, or make any scruple of inquiry into my errors when I can say to myself, 'Do so no more, and for this once I will forgive you?'"

The elder Seneca, being essentially a man of the world, was exceedingly anxious to have his child stand foremost in society and political circles. Thus the philosophical inclinations of his son greatly displeased the father, who sought in every way to discourage him; for it is needless to say that stoicism in that corrupt age was in great disfavor among the dissolute patricians who constituted the court party. Yielding at length to the wish of his father, he soon found himself in the midst of the whirlpool of worldly life, where a thousand influences conspired to lure him into the vortex of vice and corruption; but his early training proved a safeguard which, for a time at least, saved his name from even a taint of shame. We next see Seneca in the

SPLENDOR OF MANHOOD.

As we have before hinted, it was the dream of the elder Seneca's life to have his son enter the political arena. The father, who was immensely rich as well as thoroughly worldly-minded, felt that the business tact and superior intellectual brilliancy of his son, united with what politi-

cians of our degenerate days would term the *judicious use of funds for legitimate (?) campaign expenses*, would without doubt carry his son to the dizzy, dangerous height of political distinction and public honor. The son finally acquiesced in the desires of the father, and became an advocate, shortly after being successful as a candidate for the quaestorship. It was in all probability with the greatest reluctance that Seneca gave up the idea of himself becoming a philosopher like the great master spirits who completely claimed his reverence and admiration. The fair goddess of philosophy filled the ideal of his young heart cravings, and at her holy shrine gladly and loyally would he have served during the swift, gliding days of life; preferring the bread and water that came from her spotless hands, to the rarest delicacies from tables groaning under the wealth of their luxuries; but this was denied him, and in the field of political strife, the delicious intoxication of public applause, the strange, magic spell of politics, so like gambling in its irresistible fascination, held, nay, half won his heart; yet never was it, even in the hours of his greatest triumph, fully divorced from philosophy, though in abandoning the pursuit of his choice for the laurels of state that were to be won in a society given over to the grossest and most glaring vices, he lost much of the glory of exalted goodness that would otherwise have adorned his life. For often in after years he ignored the high ideals of stoicism that from boyhood ever haunted his mind. Still, he was in truth a philosopher throughout his life. It is his noble, philosophical utteran-

ces that send their rays of glittering light down the vista of two thousand years, that give glory to his name, and have secured for him the fame that will live as long as humanity with its throbbing heart and aspiring soul shall dream, hope, and labor to rise to the noblest heights and purest attainments.

While the young philosopher was listening to the exalted stoic teachers, and later was himself making such rapid strides in public favor as an advocate, the eternal city was being ruled by Tiberius Cæsar, the grim, remorseless, and heartless tyrant, who by his frown froze the Roman Empire into silence for the space of more than twenty years. On his death, Seneca, who was thirty-five years old, enjoyed the admiration of all lovers of eloquence, save the envious and jealous minded. Among the latter was the succeeding emperor, Caius Cæsar, that insane monstrosity, whose loathsome memory must ever remain one of the foulest blots on the annals of past ages,—that royal madman, who had one ruling passion, an insatiable thirst for blood, he who planned the massacre of the entire senate, and from the depths of whose soul arose that wild, fiendish wish, that the teeming thousands who dwelt in Rome had but a single head that he might strike it off with one stroke of the axe,—Caius Cæsar, in whose awful reign the eternal city was the throne of lust, blood-shed, and such revolting iniquities that decency forbids more than an allusion to their enormity. This Cæsar held himself to be an eloquent speaker, and Seneca's superior talents immediately aroused his bitterest

enmity, as was strikingly illustrated on one occasion when he listened to a powerful and persuasive address by the young advocate, and feeling his own inferiority as a speaker to the man who was holding the multitude spell-bound before him,

GAVE ORDERS THAT SENECA BE PUT TO DEATH

on account of his eloquence, and the order was only rescinded at the suggestion of one of the emperor's favorites who assured him that the orator's fame was waning and that his health was so bad that disease would soon execute the imperial order. Seneca from that day saw that, to save his life, he must instantly retire from public life; and during the balance of Caius' reign he lived a secluded life and gave himself up to deep study and toilsome research. Then again the goddess of his boyhood dreams returned to him. Philosophy gave to his self-enforced retirement a peace and happiness that would otherwise have rendered his lot exceedingly irksome.

When Caius fell under the colossal weight of his own infamy, and Claudius succeeded him, Seneca emerged from his retirement at an inopportune moment. But in order to understand the crushing calamity that next fell on this remarkable life, so strangely intermingled with strong light and deep shade, we must look for a moment on three women, beauteous, unscrupulous, ambitious, and thoroughly wicked; all of whom exerted a powerful spell over the weak-minded Claudius,—one his wife and the others, who, though nieces, aspired to wed the monarch.

We refer to the Empress Valeria Messalina, and to Agrippina and the hapless Julia. In the emperor's nieces Messalina quickly saw two deadly rivals; the two princesses were not slow to perceive that they must overthrow the empress or be ruined; hence two powerful factions were formed.

From the fragmentary historic facts that have come down to us, we are led to believe that Seneca, despising the flagrant immorality and utter baseness of Messalina, soon incurred her implacable hatred, and shortly after joined the faction led by the two princesses. The empress beheld with dismay the silver-voiced orator, the wealthy and popular advocate, espouse the cause of her deadly rivals. She knew full well unless she acted with despatch her own ruin would ensue; hence she decided to strike a single blow that would at once envelop Seneca and Julia in ruin. Her minions were employed, who forthwith trumped up a charge against Julia of having carried on an intrigue with Seneca.

The hapless princess was immediately banished and afterward put to death, without the semblance of a trial, and from aught we can gather without even being permitted to utter a word in her own behalf. It does not appear that there was a particle of evidence that could be made to either directly or indirectly criminate these victims; while so far as the philosopher was concerned, his entire life gave the lie to the accusation. It must be remembered, however, that this charge was simply the pretext employed to destroy one of Messalina's most dan-

gerous rivals, and at the same time to compass the ruin of the brilliant advocate, who would have doubtless thwarted her wicked ends and proved a standing menace to the unlimited power she proposed to exercise, through the feeble-minded Claudius, over the Roman world. The senate in those days was nothing more than the puppet of the imperial will, each senator knowing full well that to oppose it meant instant death; hence, in compliance with the empress's wish, it hastily pronounced Seneca guilty, whereupon Claudius sent him into exile, the lonely, rocky isle of Corsica being the spot designated by the emperor for Seneca's living tomb. With Julia's death, Messalina's triumph was not complete, but when she knew the mighty advocate was

BANISHED FROM ROME

she must have breathed more freely, notwithstanding the powerful Agrippina, who was destined to sit on her throne, was still in Rome and free.

But what shall be said of Seneca's unhappy fate, he who was born to fascinate the most cultured circles, whose eloquence was the pride of Rome, whose devotion to his family and love of home was one of the most marked characteristics of his nature? Born in affluence, reared in an atmosphere of refinement, accustomed to the applause of thousands—this man of the world suddenly awoke on one of the most rocky, barren, and plague-infested isles of the Mediterranean. Of his place of exile, Seneca himself speaks as follows :

"Barbarous land, which rugged rocks surround,
 Whose horrent cliffs with idle wastes are crowned,
 No autumn fruit, no tilth the summer yields,
 Nor olives cheer the winter's silvered fields,
 Nor joyous spring her tender foliage lends
 No genial herb the luckless soil befriends,
 Nor bread, nor sacred fire, nor fresh'ning wave,—
 Naught here, save exile, and the exile's grave."

It was at this time, while on the barren isle of Corsica, that he wrote his "Consolation" to his mother; a treatise which abounds in the noblest thoughts that have ever been expressed by man. So beautiful are some of these passages we will give one or two extracts to convey the idea of the emotions and

ASPIRATIONS THAT FILLED THE SOUL OF THIS PAGAN
 PHILOSOPHER.

"What," says he, "though fortune has thrown me where the most magnificent abode is but a cottage? The humblest cottage, if it be the home of virtue, may be more beautiful than all temples. No place is narrow which can contain the crowd of *glorious virtues*; and as for poverty, every one who is not corrupted by the madness of avarice and luxury knows that it is no evil. How little does man need, and how easily he can secure that; *it is the soul that makes us rich or poor*, and the soul follows us into exile and finds and enjoys its own blessings, even in the most barren solitude; but it does not need philosophy to teach us not to despise poverty. Look at the poor—are they

not obviously happier than the rich?" Referring to this unmerited disgrace he says: "What is disgrace to one who stands above the opinion of the multitude? What was even a death of disgrace to Socrates, who by entering a prison *made it cease to be disgraceful?*" These brief extracts give an idea of the lofty spirit that pervades this work, as well as his treatises on "Anger," "Benefits," "Clemency," and in fact all his philosophical productions.

This great philosopher, with his heart overflowing with affection, his intellect so richly stored with brilliant thoughts and noble truths, was doomed to drag out the long, weary years that had seemed marked for a most splendid career, in this living sepulchre. Vainly did he hope for release. Even his philosophy almost gave way when in a moment of weakness he sent a communication to one of the emperor's favorites, in which he fawns at the feet of Claudius; but at length he was thrilled with news from Rome. Messalina's hideous vice and immorality has brought its reward; she was slain and Agrippina wedded Claudius, thus virtually assuming the sceptre. The new empress was, without doubt, one of the worst if not

THE WORST WOMAN KNOWN TO ROMAN HISTORY.

Her advent as the first woman of the empire was signalized by crimes of the most heartless and monstrous nature; she had no mercy or regard for human life. Her bloody deeds created general consternation in Rome, and as her atrocities continued, a feeling of universal terror, loath-

ing, and hatred was engendered that would have shortly resulted in her ruin, had not her quick perception enabled her to read the public mind ; and she immediately hit upon a masterly stroke of policy which was well calculated to, in a measure, revolutionize public opinion and make the city regard her with far more favor than heretofore. Accordingly she recalled Seneca — the loved citizen, the honored orator, most popular author, and greatest philosopher of the age. Great was the delight in Rome when it was noised abroad that the exile was to return ; but Agrippina did not stop here. She procured for him a praetorship, giving also unto his hands the schooling of her son Nero. It seemed indeed a bright day for the philosopher that brought him thus in triumph home, but in the light of subsequent events it proved the opening of the saddest epoch of his life, and which culminated in his tragic death.

Shortly after Seneca entered upon his new duties, Agrippina, seeing that Claudius no longer loved her, and fearing that she might share the fate of Messalina, had the emperor poisoned ; and then summoning Burrus, an old time heroic Roman officer, who was greatly loved by the soldiers and people, convinced him that Nero, under the guidance of the wise Seneca, would rule the empire far better than Britannicus, the young son of the imbecile Claudius. Burrus presented the case to the soldiers ; they accepted Nero, and the senate, with customary haste, acquiesced in the choice of the army. After the accession of Nero, for some time the administration of state affairs

was marked by a degree of wisdom, justice, moderation, and clemency, that stood in bright, bold relief from the dark and bloody night of imperial cruelty that preceded and followed this brief dream of spring ; indeed the people began to believe that the golden age of mercy and justice had dawned.

This was the period when Seneca virtually ruled the empire. But even during this time Nero had evinced at times the terrible blood-thirsty spirit and brutal sensuality that has consigned his name to an infamy never exceeded in the history of kings. At moments there had flashed as lightning from his mind baleful gleams of murderous cruelty which caused Seneca to remark to a friend when referring to the young emperor, that "when once the lion had tasted human blood, his innate cruelty would return."

We can readily understand that there could be no real congeniality between two natures so opposite in every natural desire and inclination as that of the stoic statesman and the naturally profligate emperor. Hence Nero soon sought as boon companions low and corrupt natures whose tastes and inclinations were pleasing to him. These vicious, fawning favorites gained ascendancy over the mind of the youthful emperor, and the bright star of Seneca's fortune began to wane, while his power for good, his benign influence in state affairs grew rapidly less, until at last he was merely retained to give the semblance of respectability to the corrupt reign. When he found he no longer possessed power to stay the royal will from perpetrating such gross and glaring barbarities

people to judge him with a cruel severity that is altogether unwarranted by the meagre reliable historic data from which we can justly base our conclusions.

Let us therefore for a moment notice the

DOUBTS AND SHADOWS

that hang over the reputation of the philosopher. As we before intimated, the triumphal return of Seneca from Corsica marked the commencement of the saddest page in his life's history. Why so? Because, spirit crushed, heart wellnigh broken, and with life's early hopes eclipsed, he was then no longer the strong, noble philosopher possessing the courage of his convictions. True, the genius of stoicism never fled from his side, and in private life he exemplified to a marked degree his sublime teachings, but in public affairs he too often followed the fatal guidance of that star that has wrecked so many noble lives — policy. In justice to him, it may well be urged that he always followed his high principles of right as far as he dared, but his moral courage waned on many occasions, and this is the secret of his failure to prove himself a pure, righteous statesman.

It is true that Seneca was thoroughly cognizant of the final attempt to rid the emperor of Agrippina, but even in that case it does not appear that either he or his great companion Burrus knew aught of Nero's dastardly purpose until his badly managed plan to shipwreck his mother failed, and he, almost paralyzed with terror, summoned the statesman and the warrior, frantically imploring their aid,

and reminding them that either he must now perish and his counselors be ruined, or his design must be immediately pushed to completion.

There must have been something exceedingly striking in the picture of that meeting,—the murderous Emperor pallid with terror, a look of ghastly horror and despair o'ershadowing his countenance, so deeply marked with crime and sensuality; beside him stood two men who were accounted the wisest of that day, and who were naturally high-minded and humane;—long, it is said, they remained silent, gazing at one another. Each knew that after the emperor's actions Agrippina would strike a blow fatal to her son and all connected with him, unless she herself was slain. At last Seneca, to his eternal dishonor, acquiesced in Nero's wish. Here again we see the Nemesis of expediency governing his action. Great men have in most instances been guilty of great sins and serious mistakes. Seneca's policy of being governed by expediency instead of the high principles that his soul dictated, caused him to make fatal mistakes, and commit great sins; indeed, this policy gives us the key to almost every false step he made, leading him in more than one instance into the maze of sin and crime. How terrible must have been the conflict that surged in the soul of this man, who longed to dwell in the loftiest heights, and yet who allowed the fascinations of worldly power and the intoxication of public applause to chain him in a court where he was daily constrained to do violence to the promptings of his spiritual

nature. Poor, struggling mortal! How many battles must have been fought in his soul as he sought to serve philosophy and still be a man of the world. His ethical writings are among the most priceless legacies bequeathed us by ancient Rome, containing many of the noblest utterances that have leaped from the brain of man, and none can read them without being at once made purer, gentler, and more humane; while across the soul of every reader must fall the shadow of sadness when we remember the unhappy failures to reach his own ideal that marked the closing scenes in the drama of Seneca's life.

EPICETETUS.

“ That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian’s brutal son
Cleared Rome of what most shamed him.”

“ Fortune is an evil bond of the body, vice of the soul; but he is a slave whose body is free but whose soul is bound; and, on the contrary, he is free whose body is bound but whose soul is free.”
— *Epictetus*.

No epoch in history, either ancient or modern, is at once so touchingly pathetic and yet so savagely heartless or so hopelessly corrupt as the age of Nero. A period when Rome, shorn of her former strength, nobility, and virtue, had surrendered to luxury, immorality, and crime. An age when licentiousness was at a premium, when the rich remorselessly crushed the poor, and when the fatal figure of the soulless emperor stood as a startling type of patrician life. It is at this time and with these surroundings, that we ask you to view with us a single life in this sea of seething infamy. Not amid the splendid rottenness of the golden palace of Nero, nor among the sycophants, great only in the illustrious names they inherited, who composed the obsequious senate and fawned at the

feet of the emperor. Not among the famed favorites and popular beauties, whose very names were an insult to all that was pure, chaste, and virtuous. Nay, more — not among any of those whose words or deeds called forth the plaudits of that day and generation. But from this gilded corruption we turn our eyes to a poor little Phrygian slave, crippled and maimed in body, but whose soul is at once great and supremely fair. He dwells in the house of Epaphroditus, the powerful freedman who is Nero's librarian and secretary, and who, you remember, was one of the four ill-starred men who accompanied Nero in his flight from Rome in 69. When the emperor attempted to slay himself and his hand failed him, it was Epaphroditus who assisted in sending the dagger to the fatal spot, for which act he was subsequently put to death. But at the time when we see him he is at the zenith of his prosperity, proud, cruel, and arrogant. Epaphroditus, however, can interest us only as being the master of Epictetus, for whom we are now in search. Epictetus, of whom the remarkably expressive epitaph was written: "I was Epictetus, a slave, and maimed in body and a beggar for poverty, but dear to the immortals."

Oh, there he comes! See those great, pensive, thoughtful eyes, and note the supreme majesty that stamps his high arching brow, but also note how deformed in body is that little misshapen creature. Was he born so? Oh, no! At least tradition tells us that one day his master, on coming from the royal palace, enraged at some miscarriage of his hopes, and craving that pleasure that is born of pain,

sent for his little slave boy, had him strapped down, and then with instruments of torture twisted his youthful limbs. At length, in intense agony, the little sufferer cried out, "If you go on you will break my legs." A fiendish ecstasy seemed to possess the master, who forthwith twisted the little limbs till a loud snapping sound filled the room of torture.

THE LEGS OF THE LITTLE SLAVE WERE BROKEN!

With a look of reproach on his thoughtful face, and great tears standing in his eyes, Epictetus exclaims, "I told you if you kept on you would break them."

"No," you say, "that is too horrible to be true." You are mistaken; it was in perfect harmony with the age, and what would naturally be expected from the friend and confidant of Nero. Moreover, it is cited by several learned contemporaries, who relate it as an undisputed fact. Yet this calamity, terrible as it seemed, was not an unmixed evil, as subsequent events proved. The little cripple was unfit for manual labor, but he was a natural student, a thinker and reasoner; and at this period it was fashionable for the rich who were illiterate to have in their household a philosopher, rhetorician, or scholar, to whom they could refer any question about which they wished an opinion or answer. This saved the ignorant freedman labor and research; enabled him to appear far more learned than he really was, and also made men regard him as a patron of learning. Thus Epaphroditus wished to have a learned slave, much as the millionaire

parvenu of our day wishes to possess the great artistic creations of the masters, not for their real worth, but because they are popular, and in this way he hopes to gain the social position that his abilities and knowledge do not merit. Hence, as Epictetus was of no value for manual labor, Epaphroditus determined to make him useful as a scholar. He accordingly placed the little cripple under the tutorage of Rufus Musonius, a member of the noble sect of philosophers, the stoics, whose teachings and lives shone forth from the darkness of Rome's debasement and infamy,

AS AT MIDNIGHT THE GREAT PLANETS

shine from the depth of the ether. This philosopher and others taught Epictetus the lofty ethics of stoicism, which sank into his great and naturally noble soul, answering its wants and desires as food supplies the body's hunger. The boy grew greater than his masters, and in the course of time, just when we have no means of finding out, but probably after the death of his master, Epictetus was set free. He then took up his abode in a small room furnished only with a lamp and a straw pallet. His fare was the simplest, and the one desire of his being seemed to be to teach the exalted principles of his philosophy, and thereby make men grander, nobler, and happier.

When Domitian ascended the throne, the very lives as well as the philosophy of the stoics made his infamy so giant-like that even his degraded soul trembled in the

presence of those splendid teachers, who were at once brave, pure, and manly. He felt that for him there could be no real pleasure while the philosophers walked the streets and taught in the homes of Rome; hence they were banished. Epictetus went to Nicopolis, in Epirus, where for many years he taught his disciples, and after his death one of his pupils, Arrian, collected his discourses, which he published in eight books, only four of which have come down to us. This is a skeleton of the life of Epictetus, obtained from the meagre records that are extant relating to him. Little else is known of the philosopher save what is found in his writings and the fact that his teachings mirrored his own life. We now wish to give a few

RANDOM PARAGRAPHS FROM HIS WORKS,

which best reveal the grandeur of the heights to which his moral nature rose, and the majesty of the soul that dwelt in the casket of the little crippled slave.

"As a rule of practice," said Epictetus, "*prescribe for yourself an ideal and then act up to it.* Be mostly silent, or if you converse, do not let it be about vulgar or insignificant topics, such as dogs, horses, racing or prize-fighting. Avoid vulgar entertainments, impurity, display, spectacles, and all egotistical remarks. Set before yourself the example of the great and the good. Do not be dazzled by mere appearances. *Do what is right irrespective of what people say or think.*"

This advice applies no less pertinently to us in the even-

ing of the nineteenth century, than to the Romans in the days of the emperors, which fact is a sad commentary on the ethical growth or moral progress of almost two thousand years of Christian culture. To-day the sporting world has such a corner on the vitiated tastes of the masses, that the world's great dailies are surrendering far more space to prize-fights, sparring, sporting, and racing news than to any of the great burning problems upon which rest the progress and triumph of the race. In Rome, at the age of our philosopher, drunkenness was one of the national sins; indeed, it is ever so, when a nation is on the down grade,

WHEN COURAGE AND MANHOOD SURRENDER TO LUXURY
AND LICENSE;

and, referring to the influence of wine, Epictetus observes, "The vine bears three clusters,—the first is pleasure, the second drunkenness, and the third insult." His ethical teaching was singularly pure and inspiring. The following extracts breathe forth the spirit that is ever present in his teachings:

"Nothing is nobler than high-mindedness, and gentleness, and philanthropy, and doing good. A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring, for it is pure, limpid, and refreshing, inviting, serviceable, rich, and uninjurious. Wish to win the suffrage of your own inward approval. Wish to appear beautiful to God. Desire to be pure with your own self and with God, and when any evil fancy

assails you, rise and depart to the society of the noble and the good. Live according to their examples, whether you have any such examples among the living or the dead. Go to Socrates and gaze on his utter mastery over temptation. Consider how glorious was the conscious victory over himself. *What ought not to be done, do not even think."*

Seldom has man uttered more exalted precepts than were enunciated by this philosopher, who dwelt in the most corrupt epoch of Roman history, who was born in poverty and sold into slavery, and who, outside of his preceptors, saw little of mankind but what was base, immoral, and cruel. And what is still more noteworthy, is the fact that he emphasized his teachings with a life so pure and upright that it provoked no scandal, reproach, or base innuendo. We may well imagine that he felt how little he could do to stem the tide of licentiousness, lust, and corruption that was with such alarming rapidity sapping the vitals of the empire, but he recognized his duty as a man — the duty which he owed his race, himself, and his God, to do what was right and what he could to elevate his fellowmen. On this point he himself spoke as follows: "Remember you are an actor of just such a part as is assigned you by the Poet of the play. Of a short part if the part be short,—of a long part if the part be long. Should He wish you to act the part of a beggar, take care to act it naturally and nobly; and the same if it be the part of a lame man, or a ruler, or a private man. For this is in your power, *to act well the part assigned you."*

inscrutable will of eternal justice, the very persons who wreathed the flaming, serpentine tongue of death around her sweet, child form, have by their own decrees, perpetuated their criminality, as well as given to posterity a thoroughly reliable picture of a life at once beautiful as the glorified east when the roseate dawn flings back the sable mantle of night — pure as the opening lily jewelled with the diamonds of dew — brave as the spirit of truth which the world can never subdue, and gentle, loving, and tender as the zephyrs of even that rock the roses to sleep.

In 1411, in Don Remy, in the province of Lorraine, in France, this child was born whom history has enshrined and fame immortalized. For years previous, Lorraine had been the battle ground of opposing factions; in truth the wild ravages of the fierce hurricane never desolated a land more than did the warring factions that had made this province the field of rapine, plunder, and bloodshed. Long ere this, the ancient seer, or prophet, Merlin, had declared that one day there should be born in Lorraine, a child,—a virgin,—who would save France. This prophecy seemed to be universally believed throughout the province, and each mother hoped and prayed that the little girl she cradled might prove the promised redeemer of their land. At this period and under these circumstances Jeanne d'Arc, better known as Joan of Arc, was born. Her mother brought her up in the most pious manner, told and re-told to her the stories and traditions found in the Bible or handed down by the church, as well as the fruitful lore and weird legends of Lorraine. The youthful,

simple, and enthusiastic mind of Jeanne heard with wonder and delight, and pondered in her heart these wonderful stories she had learned on her mother's knee. She soon became as devout and pious as she was pure and gentle. Of her childhood, Michalet, the great French author, in his "Life of Jeanne d'Arc," says,

"HER CHARITY AND PIETY WERE KNOWN TO ALL ;

all saw that she was the best girl in the village ; what they did not see and know was that in her, celestial ever absorbed worldly feelings, and suppressed their development. She had the divine gift to remain, soul and body, a child. She grew up strong and beautiful, never knowing the physical sufferings entailed on woman,—they were spared her that she might be more devoted to religious thought and inspiration. Born under the very walls of a church, lulled in her cradle by the chime of the bells and nourished by legends,—she herself was a legend—a quickly passing and pure legend from *birth* to *death*."

At the age of thirteen a bright vision appeared to her at noon-day, and an angel said, "Jeanne, be a good girl and go often to church." It is needless to say that this produced a powerful impression on her bewildered and alarmed soul. Shortly afterward another vision of celestial glory appeared to her, and the angelic form spake saying, "Jeanne, go to the succor of the king of France and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him ;" but she tremblingly replied, "I am only a poor girl, I know not how to ride or lead men at arms." But the voice replied,

"Go to M. de Baudricourt and he will conduct thee to the king ; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will be thy aids." She remained for some time stupefied, and, we may add, terrified, for being naturally an exceedingly timid and tender-hearted child, she shrank from anything so terrible as war ; but from that hour she frequently heard voices, saw heavenly visions, and felt convinced that God had raised her up to save her country. However, when she revealed to her father what she had seen and heard, and expressed her determination to go to the king of France, the old man became greatly enraged ; he told her she should not go and that

HE WOULD RATHER DROWN HER

with his own hands than have her enter the army.

But in justice to the father it must be remembered that he was a man of stern purity and rigid morality, and at this time the French army was probably the most licentious class of men in the world. Jacques d'Arc felt that should his beautiful Jeanne enter the army she would be disgraced and ruined, and to him the purity of his child was more sacred than her life. Now in the soul of the Pucelle, as she was so often called, came a conflict more dreadful, and causing her more intense pain than the agony of her prison life or the anguish of her horrible death. The paternal and heavenly powers were the only ones she felt really sacred, and in duty bound to implicitly obey. But now their commands are in direct opposition ; the father whom she idolizes, forbids and even threatens her with death

if she persists, and she knows that he is prompted by love for her. The angels command her to go to the rescue of the bleeding nation, which is well nigh vanquished by the British forces ; they assure her that she alone can save the land. She feels that God has commanded and she dares not disobey. Her inclinations, desires, and love, prompt her to stay at home, but duty calls her into the strange, and to her timid nature, repugnant field of martial life, and she accepts the path fate points out.

While this conflict was still going on, her uncle came to visit her father ; she confided in him ; he encouraged her, and under the pretext of having Jeanne nurse his wife who was then ill he persuaded her father to let her go with him. From her uncle's she went to M. de Baudricourt, the French officer stationed in that section, and after much delay he sent to the dauphin—or uncrowned king—to know his pleasure in regard to this strange child.

THE DAUPHIN SUMMONED HER TO HIS PRESENCE,

and in a short time he either became so impressed with the truth of her claim, or else owing to the extremity of his cause, he commissioned her to attempt to raise the siege of Orleans. With her white standard in her hand, symbolizing most beautifully her own purity and innocence, she went forth. In two weeks she had raised the siege of Orleans, the British having been beaten in every engagement. She wept when she saw the bleeding French,—she wept when she beheld the dying English ; for her nature was one of great love and sympathy.

On one occasion when the French were pursuing the English with great slaughter she cried when she observed the cruel spirit manifested by her people toward the foe ; and seeing one poor dying Englishman she lost her military control, and springing from her horse, she raised the dying man's head on her lap, sent for a priest and soothed his last moments.

Victory crowned her on every hand. She was a heroine, called forth in a great crisis, and in three months after raising the siege of Orleans she had crowned the king at Rheims. After the coronation of the king she fell at his feet, assured him that now her mission was ended and begged him to let her return home and mind her father's sheep ; but the king feared to lose her, he knew no one had such a hold on the people as she ; so he compelled her to remain, and from that moment she was no longer the same strong, spirited general, but felt and spoke frequently of her approaching doom. At last she was wounded, and by the treachery and jealousy of the French officers, just as she had predicted, she was betrayed into the hands of the enemy ; a most cruel imprisonment was followed by a trial, — the infamy of which has never been eclipsed. The judges were determined to make her admit she was a witch so as to invalidate the coronation of the king. Hundreds of questions were put to her which, answered either affirmatively or negatively, they intended to construe as proof that she was a sorceress. One example will suffice. They asked her if she believed herself to be in a state of grace. Now they imagined that they

had ensnared her with a question, which, no matter how she answered, they would construe as evidence of her guilt, for if she answered yes, it would prove she was proud and presumptuous; just as one who had fallen from grace naturally would be; while on the other hand if she answered no, she thereby confessed that she was not God's chosen instrument.

BUT SHE CUT THIS BOND WITH WHICH THEY HOPED TO
BIND HER

with that strange wisdom that sometimes startles a mother when it springs from the lips of her child. "If I am not," she said, "may God be pleased to receive me into grace, and if I am may He be pleased to keep me in it"; so it was with her answers to hundreds of similar questions; she seemed guided by inspiration above the wisdom of man. Her fate, however, had been settled long before her sham trial, and after this mockery was over Jeanne d'Arc was condemned to be burned to death. Dragged from her dungeon she was bound to the stake, while above her was placed a placard bearing the words,—"Heretic, relapser, and idolater."

What a thrilling picture she presents in this terrible hour as, with that child-like face in which it seems all the graces have blossomed forth in maturity, she earnestly gazes over the vast multitude who have assembled to see her perish. I imagine she never before appeared half so lovely as now; she has lost none of that former beauty that graced her brow, when in the hour of triumph she crowned her king and was named among the fairest maids

of France. Sorrow and anxiety have enhanced, rather than diminished, the sweetness of her expression ; and on that child-brow, (for she is only in her twentieth year,) where sorrow's crown of thorns have pressed so mercilessly, there rests that sweet, subdued radiance that is born of the furnace of affliction after a true soul has passed through the fiery ordeal and come forth purified, ennobled, and glorified. She was beautiful on her mother's knee when, with childish enthusiasm, she drank in the touching stories of olden times ; beautiful when with soul of reverence she returned from the little chapel she loved so well ; beautiful, when flushed with victory she went forth conquering and to conquer ; beautiful in the hour when she crowned her king and was the admiration of a royal court ; but she is transcendently beautiful now, as she stands on the brink of eternity and catches the strains of music floating from above, as there sweeps over her soul the splendid consciousness of having saved her country. Though she has been betrayed by her people, deserted by her king, and tortured by her foe, she utters no word of bitterness or reproach, but lifting her eyes above, she utters that one name that has ever been an inspiration to her life, — "Jesus." They light the fagots that in a few minutes end the tragedy ; her body crumbles to ashes, but

HER SOUL RISES INTO A REALM FAR MORE CONGENIAL
TO HER HOLY SPIRIT.

The memory of her life will ever remain an inspiration to every student of history so long as virtue, truth, and

devotion hold a prominent place in the heart of man. Michalet, in commenting on her death, says, "She had the sweetness of the ancient martyrs but with this difference : the primitive churches remained pure by shunning action and sparing themselves the struggles and trials of the world. Jeanne was gentle in the roughest struggle, good among the bad, pacific in war itself, yea, she bore into war the very spirit of God. In her purity, gentleness, and heroic goodness, the supreme beauty of the soul was reflected ;" and it may be added that in her we find the loftiest type of heroism. She was called forth at a great crisis to save a nation and shape the destiny of the future. I have outlined the career of this maiden because coming from the lower walks of life she won what neither prince nor nobles, wealth nor power was able to achieve. Rocked on the bosom of poverty, reared in a peasant's cot, surrounded only by the simple-hearted and simple-minded, she arose as a star from the shades of obscurity, lifted the dauphin to the throne, and made France a free nation. In her life we find that moral courage so rare in the present age. She dared to leave all that was dearest to her heart, leave the loved ones that glorified her home, leave the parish, around which clustered her fondest recollections and dearest cherished dreams of childhood ; leave all to follow her conviction of duty through danger to death ; yet, her fidelity to principle was not accompanied, as is often the case, with harsh severity, for if there ever existed in the richness of maturity in a human soul, love broad and true, tenderness and gentleness e'en to a fault,

purity as spotless as holiness itself, bravery and fidelity to truth, stronger than the love of life, — if ever these virtues wreathed a mortal brow that brow was Jeanne d'Arc. Around her lofty soul there beams a halo of glory that will blaze forth with increasing brilliancy, till the bell of the ages shall ring and the curtain of time shall fall; till the great Arbiter of life shall say to the waiting intelligences of the universe, — *The drama of mortality with all its farces, its comedies, and deep shaded tragedies, is forever ended*

THE STATESMAN.

HENRY CLAY.

THE life of Henry Clay possesses a peculiar charm, illustrating as it does the marvellous growth whereby an insignificant tow-headed farmer boy rose step by step till he became an intellectual giant on the arena of state, whose magnificent patriotic labors have won for him an immortality of glory, and enshrined his name in the heart of every true American.

In Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777, Henry Clay was born. The Declaration of Independence had thrilled the new world with joy and startled the old world with ominous forebodings, less than a year before. It was a time when the student of history would naturally expect great minds to be ushered into life, for it was the period of a tremendous upheaval in the political, social, and intellectual world ; great problems, high hopes, lofty aspirations, had filled the soul of the struggling colonies for some years. The presence of great danger, with the

possibility of victory, the agitation of immortal principles, carrying with them vast and awful consequences, all conspire to bring forth giants in the realm of thought, as the presence of mighty living issues calls forth the greatness latent in many souls before supposed to be mediocre in every respect. This one circumstance of being born at a period when every impulse of mind, soul, and spirit was kindled, seems to have been almost the only thing in favor of the poor little urchin of whom we write. His father, a Baptist minister, died a few years after Henry's birth, leaving the family in abject poverty. If in those days we could have seen young Clay, as the passers-by frequently saw him, seated astride the old blind mare, guiding her with a rope halter, — no saddle, — or perhaps seated on a sack of corn bound for the mill, with his tangled tow hair falling or rising in every direction, feet bare, plastered with mud, with two or three invalid toes treated to the luxury of cotton bandages that had once been white, — I say if we had seen this, we scarcely would have singled him out as a child with a glorious destiny.

Clay himself referred to the bitterness of his early life in reply to the cruel taunts of a rival statesman in the following touching language :

“MY ONLY HERITAGE HAS BEEN INFANCY, INDIGENCE,
AND IGNORANCE, BUT THESE WERE MY MISFORTUNE,
NOT MY CRIME.”

Yet these days of early childhood were not without their golden hours, and the good seed sown in the heart

of the delicate boy by a patient, devoted mother, proved a foundation on which the magnificent structure of his success was builded.

She felt as only a mother could how painful and hopeless the condition of her boy was,—by nature exceedingly delicate, surrounded by extreme poverty, ungainly and awkward in form and movement, insignificant in appearance, and rather duller than his companions. But all this only increased the love of the mother ; she made him her companion, never tiring of telling him the story of the Revolution and the burning wrongs so long endured, of the heroic deeds of our soldiers, the horrors they endured by starvation, hunger, and exposure, the awful ravages, suffering, and anguish of war,—in short, the fearful cost of the heritage of freedom.

His childhood days at home, however, were early ended, for at the age of fourteen, he went to Richmond as clerk in a store. This position was soon exchanged for a place in the office of Mr. Tinsley, clerk of the Richmond Court of Chancery. Here the “country boy” confronted a trial, which, while galling and painful beyond measure, doubtless was the very discipline required to call forth a slumbering power in his soul, the possession of which he was perhaps unconscious of. In Mr. Tinsley’s office he found several clerks beside himself, but they were all city boys with citified ways ; and Clay’s awkwardness, ungainly form, uncouth manner, the loose, baggy coat and pants,—a pitiful apology for clothes when compared with those worn by his companions,—all united to make his position one of

extreme embarrassment and mortification ; while his companions, taking advantage of the opportunity thus presented for sport, made him the target of their unfeeling mirth, and the butt of many a merciless joke.

Night after night, Clay, on reaching his lodging, flung himself on his bed and wept most bitterly ; at last he could bear it no longer,—he had been driven to the wall, and, like the stag at bay, he turned on his tormentors. One morning he entered the office and the usual fun was begun by the boys at Clay's expense. His eyes flashed, his lips trembled, and then sprang forth a retort so pointed, so terrible in its withering sarcasm, that his assailants stood speechless and looked in amazement from one to another. Later, the same day, another unworthy fling was thrown at him, whereat Clay instantly hurled back a thrust of biting sarcasm that turned the laugh on the city boy. From that day he ever carried the sword of his wit unsheathed and ready for battle, but his nature was too magnanimous to ever use it unless he was assailed. Clay's nobility of soul was too great to permit him to hurt the feelings of another unless goaded to do so.

At this time there entered a new influence into his life that seconded the work of his mother, fostering her teachings, revivifying the pictures she had conjured up before his mind, and rekindling the lofty patriotism she had awakened in his soul. This influence came from the venerable Chancellor Wythe, one of the immortal band of chosen heroes who signed the Declaration of Independence. This veteran patriot himself had been early left

an orphan, and had felt the relentless waves of adversity beat against his bosom ; he had tasted of the stern realities of misfortune, and knew full well the coldness of the world toward the poor. He was a frequent visitor at Mr. Tinsley's office, and quickly saw how unkindly fate had dealt with Clay. He also noticed that this young clerk indulged in no dissipations, that he wore plain clothes and saved every cent possible. A deep and lasting friendship soon sprang up between them. It was the fountain of wisdom for which the thirsty soul of the youth longed. From his venerable friend he obtained the literature best fitted to advance him. The chancellor learned to love him as though he was his own child, and never tired of giving him all the details and inside workings of the great revolution. Who can estimate the value that this association was to the embryo statesman ?

At the age of nineteen Clay commenced the study of law, and when only twenty was admitted to the Richmond bar ; but the chances for him as a lawyer were anything but flattering in the city of his adoption, the legal profession being represented by the ablest and ripest scholarship of that centre of culture. Not having any influential friends to give him aid or lend a hand to help him on, he determined to leave Virginia, and in the land of Boone carve for himself the fortune that nature had denied his parents. Accordingly he went to Kentucky, finally settling at Lexington, then a prosperous town, nestling in the midst of that spot so richly favored by nature and which was already known to fame as "the blue-grass region."

He here found many lawyers of strength and ability, but it was not long before he occupied an enviable position for a young man.

Among his earliest cases in criminal practice was the prosecution of a negro charged with killing his overseer. This poor unfortunate Clay brought to the gallows, but it was ever after the regret of his life. Not that the man was not guilty, but Clay's whole nature leaned to the side of mercy. Every impulse of his heart was on the side of the unfortunate.

HE EVER BELIEVED THAT LOVE COULD DO MORE TO
MAKE A MAN CAST AWAY SIN

than the harsh severity that would grace an iron age.

If Clay erred, it was on the side of love ; he had all faith in its invincible power in melting the hardened heart. Crime to him was exceedingly odious, but he always felt that the criminal was capable of repentance, and if so there was hope for salvation. This broad spirit of humanitarianism, while it prevented him from being strong as a prosecutor, made him irresistibly great as counsel for the defence. It was in this field that he won his greatest laurels in the legal profession. An illustration of his power in this direction is found in one of his earliest cases.

A FATHER AND SON WERE CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Clay was called on to defend them. He saw in this a great chance, and embraced it with his whole soul. He visited the prisoners; saw their misery, and became

thoroughly convinced that by clemency they might be saved, while by the gallows they would be hurled into eternity dwarfed and maimed in spirit, with souls reeking in iniquity. He realized that they had committed a great crime, that they had no right to kill; but he questioned the right of twelve men to kill these two, and thus apply the old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." He determined that if it lay within the limit of his power he would save them; with this in view he labored night and day: every authority was studied, every similar case examined, every ruling and decision scrutinized; his whole life was in the case,—it was present with him every moment, his sympathetic and mental natures were charged to their utmost. At length the momentous time for the trial arrived. Five days were consumed in the conduct of the case. The evidence was simply overwhelmingly in favor of the prosecution, the deed had been witnessed in broad daylight. There seemed few palliating circumstances, and no doubt as to its perpetration. Clay saw the tide was set against him, he felt that his was a forlorn hope, but his brain had been stored with the riches garnered during many days and nights of exhaustive research. He knew that only one hope remained, and that hope lay in his speech. He rose to his feet, tremendous with anxiety and sympathy, and gazing a moment into the blanched faces of the prisoners, he turned to the jury:

THOUGHTS LEAPED FROM THE CHAMBERS OF HIS MIND like thunderbolts from heaven. He was bold, fervid, and impassioned,—gentle, tender, and pathetic; now towering

aloft and hurling forth some immortal truth or uttering learned rulings and decisions, next melting the heart of every one, from judge to sexton, by carrying the humanity of the accused into the home circle of those present. If the prisoners had been his own father and brother he could not have plead more earnestly, nor would his voice have been any richer in pathos. Time and again the entire audience, swept by the magnetism of his matchless oratory, felt themselves choking down their emotion or driving back the unbidden tears.

At last the speech was ended. The jury retired, but shortly returned, bringing in a verdict of manslaughter only; the audience was confounded; Clay himself was surprised. A silence still as death reigned after the announcement for a moment, then on all sides was heard the exclamation, "That speech did it!" Quick as a flash of lightning cleaving the sky, Clay, perceiving the breach made, sprang to his feet and plead for an arrest of judgment. All day long he argued for his motion, and toward eventide he reaped his reward by securing the liberty of his clients, who, with tears coursing down their cheeks, pledged him in the presence of the Infinite that their lives from thenceforth would be spent in trying to atone for the past. From the moment of this victory the young lawyer's services were in demand on every hand; his fortune was assured, but there was a grander field awaiting him; his nation needed his brilliant powers, and from the bar he passed into the field of state.

In 1807, he ran for the legislature of Kentucky. One

incident during his heated canvass will enable us to understand the rare power he possessed in mingling with and winning all classes without in any case compromising his manhood, or sacrificing his principle. On the occasion to which we refer, he delivered an impassioned oration to a large audience. There were present a number of hunters. After the speech was ended an old hunter, who seemed to be the champion of the crowd, beckoned Clay to his side. "Young man," began the old hunter, "you want to go to the legislature, do you?" "I do," replied Clay. "Are you a good shot?" queried the marksman. "I consider myself one," was the response. "Then take this old rifle; she never misses in the hand of a marksman, and if you can hit the mark at eighty yards you shall go to the legislature." Clay coolly raised the rifle, took aim, and to his own surprise, pierced the bull's eye. "It was a chance shot," exclaimed one of his opponents, "he must try again." "No," replied Clay, "beat that first, and I will." He was elected by a sweeping majority.

Later in life his ready tact in influencing his constituents was illustrated in the following manner. Clay had voted for a bill that was unpopular with a great number of voters; he found it hard work to counteract the prejudices created by his political enemies. One day meeting an old-time friend he said, "I suppose I can count on your vote?" "No," replied the other, "you voted for the Compensation bill, and I cannot support you." "Have you a good rifle?" inquired Clay. "Yes." "Does it ever flash?" "It never did but once." "After that

did you throw it away?" "No, I picked the flint and tried it again, and brought down the game." "Have I ever flashed but on the Compensation bill?" "No." "Will you throw me away?" "No, no," replied the hunter, grasping Clay's hand, "I will pick the flint and try you again."

In 1809, he was chosen to the United States senate, and from that hour he glorified and dignified his nation by his ardent patriotism, his matchless oratory, his keen-sighted and logical intellect, his broad, far-reaching statesmanship.

In 1811 our nation was groaning under the insults and arrogance of England; the repression of several thousand of our seamen was followed by firing into one of our ships almost within our borders. The question had reduced itself to one of war or national servitude. Quincy, with all the force of his commanding intellect, plead for peace, urging that war at that time would be not only unwise but criminal; that the disgrace attending the defeat of our troops would be national glory compared to the disgrace reflected on our country, if she engaged in war and invaded Canada.

The great Randolph of Virginia, a man whose intellect and statesmanship were the pride of the land, opposed war on the ground that we had no navy,—we were weak and unprepared to fight the mistress of the seas. Against such giants Clay found himself pitted, but, feeling the glory and the honor of his land at stake, feeling the spirit of the Revolution coursing through his blood, and believ-

ing that what had been done by the frail colonies could be accomplished by the nation, he replied to every objection urged by the opposition in such a clear, forcible, and eloquent manner, that when his speech was ended the cause for which he plead was won. With the jealous care of a watch-dog, he ever guarded the honor of the flag ; but he went farther : the condition of American dependence on the resources and manufactures of other lands, satisfied him that in order to become a powerful nation, we must foster and protect every enterprise that would relieve our dependence on foreign countries. The promulgation and defence of this principle was one of the crowning labors of his life, so much so that he has been justly termed the father of the American system of protection. Everything that looked toward internal improvement or the increasing of the power and greatness of the government, received Clay's potent aid. The one thought that seemed to ever be burning in his mind was : *My country ; how can I increase thy greatness, and shield or protect thee from harm ?*

When the stormy question of slavery rose like a vampire and threatened to destroy the then weak nation, all eyes turned to the statesman from Kentucky ; and time and again he came forward with his measures of compromise that quieted the disturbed nation, and so long as he lived shielded from the heart of the fair republic the awful calamity of a civil war. It was the dream of his life to be President of the land he so loved, but his manhood was too great to enable him to sacrifice conviction for position ;

hence, when a friend, during a heated contest, warned him that his position on a certain question would cost him many votes, he replied, "Sir, the stand I have taken is right; and *I would rather be right than be President.*"

HIS SUCCESS IN LIFE WAS LARGELY OWING TO UNTIRING
PERSEVERANCE AND HARD STUDY;

he never laid aside a subject until he mastered it sufficiently to weigh its pros and cons, and judge of it justly. Hence, in his long, brilliant career in the arena of state, whether as father of the American system, as defender of the honor of the flag, or as the great "pacifier," he never had occasion to retrace his steps, or regret supporting any measure to which he lent his powerful aid.

As an orator he was eloquent and logical, possessing quick wit, and capable of being witheringly sarcastic when he desired, as the following incident will illustrate. General Smyth of Virginia was an orator of great ability, but exceedingly prosy, always wearying the house when he attempted to make a speech. On one occasion, while answering Clay, he delivered a learned but labored speech of great length; the house became manifestly impatient; so by way of apology, and at the same time desiring to belittle his opponent, he turned to Clay, exclaiming, "*You, sir, speak for the present generation, but I speak for posterity!*" "Yes," quickly retorted his opponent, "and you seem resolved to speak until the *arrival of your audience!*"

Mr. Clay died in his seventy-sixth year. He was buried

in the beautiful cemetery that overlooks the city of Lexington ; a noble monument marks his resting-place, but how vain and useless are shafts or piles of stone for such a one, who has stamped the image of his soul upon the hearts of his countrymen, and wrought out for himself an immortality of honor by that patient industry which labors unremittingly night and day to win its goal, linked with a strong, broad, magnanimous mind, and a pure, loyal, loving heart.

THE ACTOR.

EDWIN BOOTH.

“Thou hast been

As one in suffering all that suffers nothing ;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hath ta'en with equal thanks.” — *Shakespeare.*

THERE are lives that suggest the grand cathedrals of the old world, rich, splendid and inspiring, but sombre ; men who seem destined to dwell in the shadow ; finely strung natures, responding to the most delicate touch, yet fated to endure the blows of an iron-hearted fate, and bow before the terrible weight of crushing woes ; natures in which the ideal dwells in her pristine glory, doomed to be roughly jostled by a coarse and unsympathetic reality. Such indeed was the royal prince in Shakespeare's masterpiece — such in a large degree is the greatest Hamlet of modern times. The life of Edwin Booth is peculiarly rich in pathos. He has felt calamities, only equalled in their frightful reality by those that haunted the imagination of the melancholy Dane. Afflictions that have cast

over a countenance of refined manliness the shadow of that "grief that passes show." His genius shines through a soul that many times has been driven through the furnace of affliction; time and again brought face to face with griefs well calculated to wring from a nature far less sensitive and refined, the sunshine, fragrance, and joy of existence. Such a life necessarily possesses a double charm. They who suffer, interest the heart by the fascination of sorrow; they who shine, dazzle the brain by the splendor of genius.

In a little farm-house in the county of Harford, in the State of Maryland, on the night of the 13th of November, in 1833, Edwin Booth was born. His father, a most remarkable man, at once brilliant and erratic, who had already won the applause of two continents, seemed strangely drawn to little Edwin, and when the youth was still quite young, insisted on taking him on his dramatic tours, ostensibly for an attendant and dresser, in reality for that companionship that the father felt most congenial. Thus the boy early became a monitor over the eccentric brain of the man, a position freighted with perplexities, anxieties, and responsibilities that would have greatly taxed a far older head. One illustration, which might be termed the

ALL NIGHT TRAMP OF YOUTH AND AGE,

will serve to show how trying must have been the duties of the boy during this period of his roving life. One night in Louisville, Ky., the elder Booth had played his

great masterpiece, Richard III., in a most splendid manner. He was greatly exhausted by the performance ; his brain was unnaturally excited and his nervous system strung to its highest tension. On retiring from the theatre he suddenly declared that he would not go to his rooms. Edwin argued and urged in vain. He would walk the streets, but his son must return to their lodging. This the boy refused to do, fearing something might happen to his father. Mr. Booth, finally, finding that Edwin would not leave him, quickly turned down a street, darted through an alley, and rapidly passed up another street. Youth, however, is more agile than age. The son closely pursued the father. Finally, they came to an old deserted market-house. Through this the tragedian paced back and forth all night long, closely followed by Edwin, who, naturally rather frail, soon became weary beyond expression and aggravated even to tears, though at times the ridiculous side of the picture struck the boy so forcibly that he laughed in spite of his tears. When dawn began to streak the east with its crimson flush the father repaired to his room, still closely followed by the son, who, since the all-night tramp had commenced, had ventured no word to his father.

On the 10th of September, 1849, young Booth first appeared before the footlights, creditably performing the meagre role of Tressel in King Richard III. Two years later the young actor was

BROUGHT SUDDENLY BEFORE THE DRAMATIC WORLD

in a most unexpected and trying manner. His father was

to have a benefit at the National Theatre in New York. It was announced that he would appear in Richard III., and at an early hour the house was thronged with a magnificent audience, eager to be entranced by the marvellous genius of the greatest of all the Richards. Meanwhile the tragedian, while in the midst of his toilet, suddenly dismayed his son by declaring that he was indisposed and would not play. Edwin vainly pleaded and remonstrated. The old man was a rock. Gibraltar might weep: he would not act. "But, father," cried Edwin, "you do not seem ill, and besides, what will they do?" "*Go act it yourself*," thundered the parent, and followed this exclamation by insisting that his son take his place. Edwin was not yet of age, small and slender, as unlike the powerful Richard of Junius Brutus Booth as the sapling is unlike the oak. It was by this time getting very late, and the youth found it necessary to hasten to the theatre and inform the manager, Mr. J. R. Scott, of his father's sudden whim. At the stage entrance he encountered Mr. Scott, to whom he delivered the startling news. "Well," said the manager, "you must act it." "Why!" exclaimed the boy, "those are my father's very words, but I cannot, it is impossible!" "You must, the house is crowded, there is no alternative," urged Scott. At last, quaking with fear, he consented, and was soon almost lost in his father's immense paraphernalia. He had no time, however, for reflection: the audience was already growing very impatient. The manager refused to apologize, and Edwin, without a word of explanation, suddenly appeared before

the vast audience. Instantly a wild burst of applause, intended for the illustrious tragedian, filled the auditorium, which was as quickly followed by an ominous and death-like calm. The spectators saw not the great and powerful Richard, but in his place a slender youth, who seemed well-nigh lost in the king's accoutrements. A more trying ordeal can scarcely be imagined for a young actor, and were it not for the possession of that rare genius which enabled the youth to lose himself in the character assumed, he would unquestionably have failed. Soon, however, he seemed in reality the slave of a guilty ambition, heartless, designing, inhuman, and relentless. The audience caught his spirit as the play progressed, and before its close he had captured the house, as was evinced by the rounds of applause and a call before the curtain. On his return to the hotel, Edwin, who found his father exactly as he had left him in mood, dress, and actions, was coldly and curtly questioned on his acting. As he briefly recounted the incidents of the evening, the boy little dreamed that the stern and eccentric parent had been a critical spectator of the entire play, although there can be little doubt but that such indeed was the fact.

Passing over many unimportant details we now come to the eventful and fateful tour of the Far West undertaken by father and son in 1852. At San Francisco the elder Booth played a brilliant and remunerative engagement, Edwin assuming minor roles in all his performances. At Sacramento, the next point visited, Edwin had a benefit, in which he assumed the role of "Jaffier," in Otway's

“Venice Preserved.” When the young man appeared in his sable costume, the quick perception of the father saw in him at once the personification of his ideal Hamlet. So strongly was he impressed that he was led to say, “You look like Hamlet ; why don’t you play it ?” “If I ever have another benefit I shall,” replied the son, who fully appreciated the partially concealed recognition of his abilities couched in his father’s words. And doubtless from that night the melancholy Dane grew daily in the imagination of the youth.

In the autumn of 1852, a few months after his arrival in California, the elder Booth bade Edwin farewell and set out for the States. Although after mature deliberation it had been decided wisest for the young man to remain in the Far West, when the hour of parting came it was freighted with a bitterness that was well-nigh insupportable. A strong magnetic tie, as well as the strong bond of natural affection, existed between father and son. The great tragedian also at times caught a glimpse of the coming night, a presentiment that his days on the stage were well-nigh spent ; and it is not improbable that Edwin also, with his nature so preternaturally sensitive, his soul so strongly receptive, felt the shadow of the dark angel who was henceforth to accompany the father through the brief remaining hours of his earthly wandering, for the son more than once felt impelled to accompany the father, and would have done so, even in spite of his judgment, had not the strong will of the parent overruled the boyish impulses. After the departure of

Mr. Booth, Edwin found himself thrown on his own resources in a strange land, amid rough and stirring associations, and the hardships incident to frontier life. He was thus brought face to face with that discipline best calculated to develop and bring out the wealth of his genius; in short, he entered a university that breeds giants and makes royal minds rise to heights sublime —

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADVERSITY.

It is a fact greatly to be lamented, but none the less true, that our great institutions of learning do not contribute anything like the *pro rata* of men who stir the world and win immortal fame, that they should. Owing to their reverence for the dead past with its languages and its thoughts, they too often discourage originality and dwarf rather than expand the soul, until thinking men have almost come to agree with Col. Ingersoll in his observation that "Colleges polish the pebble but dim the diamond." Not so with those who enter the domain of adversity. Here hard fate gives them the single alternative to do, dare, and conquer, or perish by the wayside.

A glance at Edwin Booth under this stern but salutary discipline reveals a picture at once strikingly pathetic and strongly suggestive. After the departure of his father the young actor found it difficult to obtain a position. Poverty confronted him. He could obtain no engagement of any kind, but about this time Mr. D. W. Walter formed a stock company to act in Nevada, and

IN THIS STROLLING TROUPE EDWIN FOUND A BERTH.

But business was bad, roads well-nigh impassable, weather cold, houses slim, and prices low. The climax of ill luck was reached in a signal catastrophe at Grass Valley, where a snow storm of unprecedented fury overtook them. All roads were blocked. The nearest town was fifty miles away; the mountains frowned above them; the snow continued as though it would fall for ever; the wind in its wild wanderings swept down the ravine, sounding at times like the accumulated agony of centuries of human woe escaping from the cavern of the ages. Then again like a wild dirge, chanted by Nature over the children of men who had perished through her present fury. Day after day the imprisoned actors, as well as the inhabitants, gazed skyward for some token of milder weather. At last food became more scarce than money. Within doors starvation stared them in the face; without, Nature, with relentless ferocity, challenged and defied them. Their condition was more than forlorn: it was startling and terrible. One day a bold express carrier broke into the camp from Marysville, fifty miles away. He brought with him letters from the great outside world, and among other information the tidings that the great tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth, *en route* for his home, had fallen ill and died. It was evening; Edwin, wrapt in melancholy foreboding and thoroughly downhearted, had wandered apart from his companions some distance from the cabins of the settlement. A friend set out to find him and impart the

sad news. Seeing his friend approaching with a countenance that boded ill, the quick intuition of the young man divined the terrible truth.

“MY FATHER IS DEAD,”

he cried, before a word had been spoken.

“He is,” replied his friend, “a letter from your brother in San Francisco is at the hotel for you.” The sense of desolation and grief that pervaded the mind of Edwin Booth when this awful sorrow burst upon him passes description. The misfortunes of the past dwarfed into insignificance beside the present calamity. No one in the world was so loved by Edwin as his father, and the thought that had he been with him his life might have been spared, greatly intensified his anguish of spirit. The one thought that now possessed his mind was to get to San Francisco, where his brother Junius was, and at this juncture a way opened. He chanced to hear a band of the hardiest mountaineers discussing the daring attempt of making their way to Marysville. He joined them. The journey was perilous in the extreme, and abounding in hardships. Nevertheless the entire party at length reached their destination, although hungry, tattered, and almost frozen, the perfect pictures of wretchedness.

From here Edwin pushed to San Francisco, where he met his brother, who had received a letter from their mother, giving particulars of their father's death and burial. The letter closed urging them not to come home on her account, as she was in need of nothing. Edwin

now secured a position in a stock comedy and farce company, where he played minor roles, until a memorable evening, when one of his companion actors was billed for a benefit. This friend urged young Booth to play Richard III. on this special occasion, which he consented to do. When the night for the play arrived, the theatre was filled to overflowing. The young Richard immediately electrified the audience and amazed his brother and friends by his genius. Next morning

THE NAME OF EDWIN BOOTH WAS ON EVERY TONGUE

in San Francisco. His brother urged him to act several Shakespearean plays, which he did, including Shylock and Macbeth. He was the hero of the hour. After the close of this engagement he went to Australia and the Sandwich Islands, returning nine months later to the Pacific coast. Another disastrous dramatic tour through Nevada ensued, after which Booth, weary, disappointed, and disheartened, returned to San Francisco, and from thence he set out for his home in the East. This was in the autumn of 1856. He was welcomed home in a royal manner, and played eminently successful engagements in all the great Eastern cities. It was now evident to all critical theatre-goers that in the young tragedian the new world possessed a dramatic genius of transcendent brilliancy, worthy to interpret the great masterpieces of England's greatest mind. In California he had at a benefit fulfilled his pledge to his father, and played Hamlet to the great delight of his audience, who in his impersonation saw and felt for

the first time what Hamlet really was. From this time on he made a profound study of this the greatest of all tragedies.

IN 1858 EDWIN BOOTH MARRIED

Miss Mary Devlin, a lovely girl whose disposition was as radiant as sunshine itself. She was exactly the nature that a soul like her husband's called for, and their union was as joyous as it was brief. Together they went to Europe on a wedding tour, and near London, in the autumn of 1862, a daughter was born to them, who bears the name of Edwina. In February, in 1863, while Mr. Booth was playing in New York, he was summoned to Boston. His idolized wife was dying. He arrived too late; the spirit had fled. The casket remained, but angels had borne aloft the priceless treasure. He was alone with his infant child. This blow was the most terrible he had ever encountered. It was to him the going out of the sun while it was yet midday; the blast of winter in the midst of summer; the eclipse when all was radiant. None save one bereft after being so situated, so loved and in turn so loving, can even in a measure comprehend the young actor's woe. Mrs. Booth, as before stated, was an exceptional woman, who won the deep affection of all who knew her. Many were the tender and delicate tributes paid to her worth, none perhaps being more exquisite than the following lines by the poet Parsons:

"She was a maiden for a man to love;
 She was a woman for a husband's life,
 One that had learned to value far above
 The name of love, the sacred name of wife.

“ Her little life dream, rounded so with sleep,
 Had all there is of life except gray hairs —
 Hope, love, trust, passion, and devotion deep,
 And that mysterious tie a mother bears.”

After the death of his wife, Booth retired from the stage for several months. Lawrence Barrett, who was his leading support at the time of his bereavement, took his place during his absence. When at length he reappeared before the footlights the people greeted him in such a manner as to touch a heart far less responsive, and he saw that they also felt and appreciated his woe.

On the 25th of November, 1864, a notable performance took place in New York city. It was the enacting of

JULIUS CÆSAR, WITH THE THREE BOOTH BROTHERS IN
 THE CAST,

Edwin as Brutus, Junius Brutus as Cassius, and John Wilkes as Antony. The theatre was packed from pit to gallery. The performance was one of the most impressive ever witnessed. The audience went wild, and the aged mother of the three brothers must have felt supremely happy as from a private box she witnessed her gifted sons called time and again before the curtain by one of the most brilliant audiences that ever assembled in New York.

The next evening Edwin commenced his long and brilliant run as Hamlet, which extended for one hundred nights, and which was unquestionably the finest production of this tragedy that America ever beheld, and per-

haps the most masterly assumption that had ever been given in any land. It was at this time that that careful and scholarly critic, George William Curtis, wrote his remarkable criticism of Booth's Hamlet, in which he said :—

“A really fine actor is as uncommon as a really great dramatic poet, yet what Garrick was in Richard III., or Edmund Kean in Shylock, we are sure Edwin Booth is in Hamlet, for the Hamlet of our imagination, which is the Hamlet of Shakespeare, is not the ‘scant of breath’ gentleman of whom the severer critics insist he should be. He is a sad, slight prince. Booth is altogether princely. His small, lithe form, with the mobility and intellectual sadness of his face, and his large, melancholy eyes, satisfy the most fastidious imagination that this is Hamlet as he lived in Shakespeare's world. His playing throughout has an exquisite tone, like an old picture. The charm of the finest portraits is not the drawing or even the coloring, so much as the nameless, subtle harmony called tone. So in Booth's Hamlet, it is not any particular scene, or passage, or look, or movement that conveys the impression — it is the consistency of every part with every other. Through the whole play the mind is borne in mournful reverie. Under all, beneath every scene, and word, and act, we hear what is not audible, the melancholy music of the sweet bells, jangled out of tune and harsh. This gives a curious reality to the whole. The cumulative sadness of the play was never so palpable as in Booth's acting. It is a spell from which you cannot escape.”

When Edwin Booth closed his hundred nights' run of

Hamlet, in many respects the most remarkable Shakespearean engagement in the annals of the American stage, the future must have worn a very rosy hue, at least from a professional and social standpoint. True, in his heart lay the ashes of vanished love, in his soul dwelt the memory of his devoted wife, the music of whose voice no longer rang in his ear, and this subdued joy and softened down the high lights of every pleasurable emotion; yet, as though in a measure to compensate for his loss, everything had of late conspired to make him happy, and give to life new hopes, higher aims, and greater possibilities. The world for him wore a smile of unwonted sweetness; the hand pointing forward spoke not of the night; the heavens bending above were soft as the sunny smile of an Italian sky; when, in this supreme moment, in this triumphant hour, out of the canopy of blue

LEAPED THE THUNDERBOLT.

The hurricane played about his head. The sky was ink. All hope went out and glory was turned into gloom; light into darkness; peace into pain; joy into agony. Horror filled the night and despair came with the sun. All the sweets of life turned bitter as the waters of Marah. Only the grave spake of rest. The abyss alone whispered peace to the soul that stood apart in the darkness, amid the wreck and ruins of all hope, joy, peace, and love. A weaker mind would have heeded the voice of despair and shuffled off the mortal coil. Never did horror seize the frame of the princely Dane more completely than that

which thrilled the being and froze the blood of Edwin Booth on the dawn of April 15, 1865, when with pallid cheeks and trembling voice he read the frightful story of his brother's crime.

While he himself had been holding an audience of unusual culture under the spell of his marvellous genius in Boston, his loved brother, the handsome and promising young Wilkes, had in the capitol city enacted a tragedy more terrible than that which shook Rome when Cæsar fell. Lincoln, who had six months before received the only vote Edwin Booth ever cast, now lay cold and lifeless, slain by the hand of the great tragedian's favorite brother. A calamity so giant-like cannot be adequately described nor even imagined. It would have made a coarser nature harsh, bitter, and hateful. A weaker mind would have found relief in a suicide's grave. That Edwin Booth, whose nature is as finely strung as a poet's, as sensitive as a child, as refined as a woman, was able to bear up under the agony of this affliction without losing the sweetness and delicacy of his nature, speaks even more for the greatness of his spirit than his unquestioned genius reflects glory on his name.

After this frightful affliction Booth left the stage with the determination to never again appear in public. But in time want came to his side and he was driven into public life. On Jan. 3, 1866, he reappeared in the congenial role of Hamlet, in New York, and most feelingly and cordially was he received. The people love a great actor, and when he is stricken with woe they feel it. Now they had

an opportunity to show him that in his hour of darkness and despair they also had suffered, and that now he was with them again they rejoiced. A tremendous throng of sympathetic friends welcomed him with nine rousing cheers, as in the habiliments of woe the melancholy Dane appeared upon the scene. The audience arose as one man; hats and handkerchiefs waved from almost every hand; bouquets fell in a perfect shower before him. It was a scene well calculated to lighten his heart and give him fresh hope.

Of the unfortunate erection of Booth's theatre, its enormous cost, successful opening, the financial embarrassment which its construction caused Mr. Booth to suffer; its passage from his hands, and subsequently from the hands of the dramatic world to be converted into a mercantile house, is a story too well known to call for extended notice.

In 1879 the great actor barely escaped a tragical end. It was in Chicago, on the evening of April 23d,—Shakespeare's birthday,—when in the midst of the play a man in the audience

DELIBERATELY LEVELLED A REVOLVER AT BOOTH,

who was playing Richard III. In an instant the house was startled by a clear, loud report. The ball whistled over the actor's head, and had he risen as was his custom and as he was expected to the moment before, the bullet would have passed through his heart. This shot was quickly followed by another and still another, and it was not until Mr. Booth came forward to the footlights and pointed out

the would-be assassin just as he was levelling his revolver for another shot, that the man was seized. He was in the trial proved insane and sent to the lunatic asylum at Elgin, Ill. One of the bullets that came so near proving his death, the actor has had set in a gold cartridge, on which is engraved, "*From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth, April 23, 1879.*" This he ever wears about his person, much as the ancient Egyptians wore their amulets.

In November, 1881, Mr. Booth lost his second wife, whom he had wedded in 1869. She was a daughter of Mr. M'Vicker, the well-known theatre manager, and Mr. Booth, it is stated, fell in love with her while she played Juliet to his Romeo.

Mr. Booth has made many visits to Europe. Received at first coldly, as is the custom in England when our great actors visit the mother country, he has with each successive trip grown in the affections and estimations of the denizens of the old world. During his last visit, made only a few years since, he received a perfect ovation, not only in England, but the great capitals of the Continent vied with one another in honoring his genius. On his return to his native land, America greeted him as she should greet

THE MOST BRILLIANT INTERPRETER OF SHAKESPEAREAN
THOUGHT OF THE AGE.

Subsequently Mr. Field, the veteran manager of the Boston Museum, engaged him for two seasons, casting him with the superb dramatic company for which the

Boston Museum is justly famed, during which time Mr. Booth revived and played with wonderful power many roles in which he had excelled in earlier days. The engagement was in every way notable, and afforded the lovers of the highest phase of dramatic work a rare treat, only surpassed a little later when Mr. Booth, appearing as Iago to Salvini's Othello, gave the world a view of the two greatest tragedians of the age playing side by side. Those of us who witnessed the most perfect of all Iagos gliding about Europe's greatest living Othello, found no reason to be ashamed of the son of the new world.

At the present writing Mr. Booth is acting under the able management of his old friend, Lawrence Barrett, who plays with him in the great Shakespearean dramas. The income being realized is enormous, giving the lie to the oft-repeated assertion of shallow-brained critics, who argue that the people no longer care for the great tragedies of our literature. Whenever the people find a man having the genius and ability to conceive and correctly enact the creations of the greatest of all poets, they are not slow to express their appreciation, and that in no uncertain sound.

Of Mr. Booth's private life one well qualified to speak says: "As a citizen and as a man, Edwin Booth has been always devoted, upright, and true. The kindest of sons to an erratic father and widowed mother, while in every other relation, as brother, husband, father, and friend, worthy of affection and of all praise."

He still lives and moves among us, and may the day be

far distant when the bell shall sound, the curtain fall, and the world hear that the great but melancholy drama of his life is ended. We close this sketch with a few verses from a poem written by a friend, who was then in Italy, to Edwin Booth in 1875:—

In dim old palaces, in ancient galleries,
Through dusty corridors and sunless aisles,
Thy weird voice taunts me,
Thy strange face haunts me
With sombre brooding or with radiant smiles.

What grand pale faces fill these quaint places !
What sculptured heroes and perfected art,—
Dim clue affording,
And yet according
This deathless beauty with thy living heart.

Some dark grim hero, or blood-stained Nero,
Link thee and Gloster, the Moor, Macbeth,
While Bruno sainted,
Divinely painted,
Is Hamlet apostrophizing Death.

Under night's cover, Francesca's lover
Hath Romeo's passion-tender face ;
And Shylock even
Declaims to heaven
In an old Rabbi's holy place.

From youth to age, this heritage
Guard thou with loving jealousy,
That men may name thee,
Thy country claim thee,
A son of genius, incorrupt and free.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

HE who makes the world brighter, more joyous, and better, has not lived in vain. He who touches the heart-chords of the people—awakening their sympathy, pity, and humanity—does more than portray human emotions; he subtly, and perhaps unconsciously, aids in the grand work of bringing humanity into closer relationship, knitting into a unit the hopes, fears, smiles, and tears of rich and poor, and, in the long run, contributing the force of his genius toward emphasizing the brotherhood of man.

He of whom we write has done all of this and more. His life is the life of one, who, while consistently seeking to become a master in his chosen profession, has never forgotten to be a true, manly, generous, warm-hearted gentleman, and a devoted father and husband. Hence the contemplation of such a life brings unalloyed pleasure—a pleasure which, however, would have been deprived us in this particular case had it not been for the fidelity of a negro, who, at the risk of his life, saved that of the girl, and her parents, who afterward became the mother of the greatest Rip Van Winkle the world has ever enjoyed; and as the history of this narrow escape bears so intimate a relation to the existence of Joseph Jefferson, we will briefly relate it. Jefferson's mother's maiden name was Thomas; she was the daughter of a Frenchman who had

left his native land to enjoy an estate bequeathed him in San Domingo. In the general uprising of the negroes in 1803, which resulted in the wholesale massacre of the white population, M. Thomas, his wife, and beautiful little daughter Cornelia, were marked for a horrible fate. Preparations were well-nigh perfected, when the plot was unfolded to a faithful negro slave belonging to M. Thomas, who had received from his master the kindest of treatment. We know not positively how the slave learned the details of the plan for the slaughter, but he became apprised of the fact none too soon, for M. Thomas, wife, and little one had barely time to fly to the woods and conceal themselves before the attack was made. A few days of frightful suspense elapsed — a suspense scarcely conceivable, even though we remember that every moment the fugitives expected the frightful cry of their pursuers to break upon their ears. At last a little open boat was found, in which the party, including the faithful old slave, embarked on the bosom of the great deep. Once again they were called on to endure the agony of suspense born of fear, that the ever-hungry ocean would engulf the little craft, or that the more terrible fate of starvation on the high seas awaited them. Fortunately, however, an American vessel picked them up, and finally landed them in Charleston, S. C. Here the family that had been accustomed to every luxury found themselves penniless in a strange land. The wife did not long survive the terrible reverse of fortune, and the father and his little girl eked out a miserable existence, feeling

poverty most keenly, and at every turn of the wheel their situation grew more hopeless. One day, however, M. Thomas met Alexander Placide, who was then manager of the Charleston Theatre. This gentleman had been an intimate friend of M. Thomas in prosperous days in France. He immediately gave him employment. The little daughter, also, soon became a great favorite in the family of her father's benefactor, and it was not long before M. Placide succeeded in getting Miss Cornelia a position on the stage, where her comely face, bright and winsome manner, and above all her marvellously sweet voice, made her a general favorite. With this little glimpse of the early vicissitudes of the mother of Jefferson, we return to the son who was destined one day to stand in the front rank of American comedians, and whose name ere long was to become almost a household word throughout the English-speaking world.

Joseph Jefferson was born in the city of brotherly love on the twentieth of February, 1829; his father was engaged in theatrical life, as had been the Jeffersons for two generations before him. We have already seen that his mother was also a success on the stage; thus it is not strange that the little son inclined to dramatic life as naturally as a bee seeks the opening flower. That this was the case with Joe Jefferson will be seen from the following incident, which occurred four years after the birth of "little Joe," at a benefit in Washington city, given to T. D. Rice, the then celebrated impersonator of negro characters.

On this occasion Rice was playing "Jim Crow," and, entering the stage with a sack swung over his shoulder, he advanced toward the footlights, most admirably imitating a scrawny negro in his ungainly walk, as well as every expression of his countenance and utterance of his voice. Stopping abruptly before the audience, with a quizzical expression on his face, the comedian emptied the contents of his sack on the stage, while reciting the following couplet :

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you to know
I've got a little darkey here to jump Jim Crow."

And there before them stood a little four year older, arrayed in every particular like Jim Crow, with blackened face and radiant eyes. Instantly, and yet with perfect ease and naturalness, the little chap assumed the attitude and air of Jim Crow, to the great delight of the astounded audience. That little darkey impersonator was Joe Jefferson and such was

HIS DEBUT ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Following this interesting little episode came a period of time when the boy lived much as other boys, with the monotony of routine life seldom broken by aught peculiarly striking or of great moment, but in 1837, the father, accompanied by his wife, little Joe, and the rest of his family, turned towards the great, and at that time sparsely settled, west. For twelve long years the strolling players wandered hither and thither, now giving an entertainment

in the large, rude parlor of a village inn; then in a spacious barn in a country settlement; sometimes going down the river in a flat boat; but frequently trudging their way on foot from one settlement to another. Occasionally their entertainments were sufficiently lucrative to enable them the luxury of a wagon ride to the next point, yet the road was a rough one, filled with privations, trials, and sufferings. Sometimes even after they had struck a bonanza, to use a western phrase, they were doomed to disappointment, as

THE FOLLOWING PATHETIC INCIDENT,

related by that most eminent and scholarly dramatic critic, William Winter, illustrates.

On entering a large and somewhat thrifty settlement, the wandering actors were made glad by finding a large new barn which the affable owner seemed pleased to place at their disposal. A number of hand-written posters and bills were at once distributed far and wide; the hour for the entertainment arrived; the audience was exceptionally large, and the simple and earnest naturalness of the actors touched most deeply the hearts of those present, as was evinced in their generous applause, their merry peals of laughter, and above all, their tears.

One of the auditors, however, was moved little by the performance, — a slave of the dollar, who allowed all noble, kindly, and humane emotions to become subservient to avarice and cunning. This individual was the farmer who owned the barn and seemed to be acting as

doorkeeper or treasurer during the performance, for after the entertainment was over, in the presence of the actors he counted the receipts, which amounted to twenty dollars. With eyes sparkling with anticipation of the comfort and pleasure that the little fortune would give them, the wanderers followed the process of counting. Their joy, however, was soon turned into grief, as the farmer coolly pocketed the entire sum, remarking that that just about covered his bill for the use of the barn. Remonstrances were in vain, and the little party had to set out on foot for the next settlement.

It was in this school of poverty and privation that Joe Jefferson mastered the most important lesson in life ; here, near to the heart of nature, and brought into most intimate connection with people in the humble walks of life, he learned human nature and life as it really is. In 1845, during the war with Mexico, we find him following the American troops, giving entertainments in their midst, and thus brightening their lonely hours. Of this period Mr. Winter, in the following graphic manner, writes : "He saw Gen. Taylor on the banks of the Rio Grande ; he heard the thunder of the guns of Palo Alto ; he stood beside the tent where the gallant Ringgold lay dying ; he witnessed the bombardment of Matamoras, and two nights after the capture of that city, he acted there in the Spanish theatre. It is obvious, from even this passing suggestion of the comedian's adventures and vicissitudes, that he has worn the gypsy's colors and known the gypsy's freedom ; that the world has been shown to him

without disguises, and that his nature has been developed and moulded through the discipline of labor, the ministry of sorrow, and the grand and priceless tutelage of experience."

In 1849, Jefferson is seen in the metropolis of the New World, playing a prominent role in Chanfrau's new National Theatre. In the company at that time was Miss Lockyer, whom Jefferson soon learned to love with the strength of a strong, manly, and intense nature; the affection was ardently returned and the two were united in marriage. From this period Jefferson rose rapidly in public favor; his careful study, close application to his roles, faithful delineation of human life, brought their legitimate reward. In a decade he had made a reputation that ensured a brilliant success in life, and placed him among the first comedians of the land. But a great sorrow,

AS AN UNSEEN FOE LURKING AT THE THRESHOLD OF HIS
HOME,

overtook the rising actor in the midst of his good fortunes.

Early in 1861 the wife so loved and so loving was called from the scenes of life into the great beyond. This sudden and terrible blow quite prostrated Mr. Jefferson, as all who are acquainted with his tender, refined, and affectionate nature can readily realize. His grief was well nigh unsupportable; in fact it told so sensibly on his health that friends became solicitous lest the familiar, loved, and popular face should be seen no more before the footlights. At this time, partly to divert his mind from his affliction and

partly in quest of health, Mr. Jefferson determined to travel abroad. He immediately set out for California, and from San Francisco sailed for Australia. Here he captured his audiences by his superb acting, and won the affections and esteem of all who were fortunate enough to become acquainted with him. Among this number was B. F. Farjeon, the well known English novelist. This gentleman subsequently married Mr. Jefferson's eldest daughter.

On leaving Australia, Mr. Jefferson set out for England by way of Panama. He remained on the Pacific coast of South America for a time before re-embarking for the Old World. On his arrival at London he immediately secured the assistance of Dion Boucicault in an effort to elaborately revise, strengthen, and embellish the then somewhat crude dramatic creation based on Irving's legend. Under the skilful hand of the great Irish actor and playwright, Rip Van Winkle soon took on new life and beauty, while Mr. Jefferson added much to its strength by his effective touches of pathos and quaint humor. Shakespeare also was called upon to reflect a shaft of light from his great brain, for as Mr. Clark Davis justly observes, "the climax of the third act, the recognition, is Shakespeare's. In *Lear* the father struggles to recognize the daughter; in *Rip Van Winkle* the daughter strives to recognize the father." There is a transposition of persons, and that is all. The splendid conception or inspiration is from the "Master Mind." At length the new *Rip Van Winkle* was ready, and London felt some curiosity to see the American

comedian and his version of the strongly fascinating legend. Just at this time occurred

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

by which a portion of London enjoyed a free show in the form of a full dress rehearsal of a part of the third act of *Rip* by Mr. Jefferson himself.

It occurred in this manner. The night before he was billed to make his *début* in the great metropolis he became nervous and apprehensive, something quite natural even in a far more phlegmatic temperament than his,—for Jefferson is an intensely nervous and sensitive nature, one of the most conscientious actors of the day, and a man far more disposed to underestimate than to overvalue his work and worth. He was about to appear before the critics of London who are not, as a rule, disposed to look kindly on candidates for popular favor from the new world. He, therefore, decided to spend the evening in a thorough rehearsal of the third act of the play, which probably gave him more uneasiness than any other part of the drama.

Possessed with this idea he entered the room, made his preparations, and before the mirror commenced his rehearsal, oblivious to all things save the emotion of the poor old man, and little dreaming that the curtain to his window which fronted Regent Street was raised, and an eager crowd was rapidly congregating, drawn by the extraordinary spectacle. Jefferson, as he became more and more entranced or lost in the role, grew intensely earnest, doubtless giving his spectators a really superb bit of act-

ing ; but they little guessed what it meant, seeing in an upper room only an old white-headed and decrepit man in rags and tatters, carrying on in a manner so strange that they concluded that they were witnessing the eccentricities of a madman. Meantime, the crowd had grown so numerous as to completely block the street. Police were summoned, and, after forcing their way to the door, frightened the landlady almost out of her wits ; but without pausing to make inquiries as to the character of her boarder, they rushed upstairs to Jefferson's door, demanding, in stentorian tones, the cause of his ailment ; whether the old man was in pain, or if not, what he meant by such actions. Jefferson, amazed and chagrined, was thus rudely awakened to the fact that he had been unconsciously playing before a large audience, who had mistaken him for a crazy old man.

The next evening, Sept. 4, 1865, he made his début proper before a large and critical assemblage. It was not many moments before the actor felt the ice breaking, and long before the curtain fell he had captured his audience, critics and all ; he thus scored an instantaneous success, which was followed by a brilliant and highly profitable engagement. In August, 1866, he returned to New York where he received a royal welcome, and one well calculated to make his heart glad. From this date his popularity has steadily and rapidly increased until to-day he is unquestionably one of the few really great comedians on the boards. In 1867 he was again married, this time to Miss Sarah Warren, a niece of the well-known and justly popular

William Warren, who recently passed from us in Boston. In this, as in his former marriage, Mr. Jefferson seems to have been peculiarly fortunate. Mrs. Jefferson, endowed as she is most richly with those charms that give wealth and beauty to the soul, is well suited to make bright and joyous the life of the man to whom she has given her love, and it is pleasant to add that theirs is an ideal home, a little world of peace, gladness, congeniality, and affection. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, for few men are more loving or devoted, more tender or generous, than Mr. Jefferson, and this is fully reciprocated by every member of his family.

AS AN ACTOR

Jefferson stands unquestionably foremost in his peculiar field. There never has been, and it is doubtful whether there ever will be, another Rip Van Winkle equal to his marvellously natural creation. Like Booth's Hamlet, it is great in its entirety. Charles Burke and Hackett were probably more effective in the utterance of some few phrases, but from first to last Jefferson is uniformly strong. It was of this remarkable creation that the Rev. Robert Collyer made the following interesting observations: "So simple, so true, so beautiful, so moral. No sermon written in the world, except that of Christ when he stood with the adulterous woman, ever illustrated the power of love to conquer evil and to win the wanderer as that little part does, so perfectly embodied by this genius which God has given him to show in the drama the power of love over the

sins of the race." But it is not alone in Rip Van Winkle Jefferson is great ; his superb acting in "The Rivals" has seldom if ever been excelled, and those who love his work chiefly for its comedy element, find in his Bob Acres that genuine enjoyment which acting of the highest order always yields, yet to us, in the delicate and heart-touching pathos that is such a feature in Mr. Jefferson's acting lies its strongest charms. Therefore, after Rip, we enjoy his assumption of Caleb Plummer, in the "Cricket on the Hearth," far better than Bob Acres. No one can see and hear Mr. Jefferson as the old toy maker without being made better, tenderer, and more sympathetic. It is a vivid picture taken from real life, a striking illustration of the struggles, the trials, and the essential grandeur of the poor, and as such it appeals to the hearts of all present, awakening their sympathy, and making them more thoughtful, considerate, and kind in their treatment of the poor and the unfortunate.

AS A MAN

Jefferson deserves and enjoys the love and esteem of those who know him. He is an open-hearted, big-souled man of the most generous impulses, ever kind and thoughtful to his family, of an exceedingly hospitable nature. He possesses a magnificent home at Hohokus, New Jersey, and is also the owner of a beautiful island in Louisiana, near New Iberia. He is very fond of painting, and has made some excellent pictures, though of course the drama has

been the dream and the reality of his active life. Although well nigh three score years, he appears upon the stage with the same life, vim, and fire as marked his acting a decade ago. Long may he remain in our midst, an inspiration to the young, a teacher of the people, one of nature's noblemen.

THE POET.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THERE are strains of ravishing melody and songs that entrance the soul but which bear with them an undertone of unfathomable sadness. The sobbing of an aching heart seems clearly a part of the rhythm. Even so among the world's great creditors we not unfrequently find a life shadowed by sorrow, darkened by disappointment and rendered pathetic by the force of untoward circumstances. Such to a certain extent was the experience of the wandering poet, who, from the deep recesses of his refined and highly sensitive soul, poured forth that simple poetic lay which touched the heart of humanity and will ever awaken an instant echo wheresoe'er the hearth is held dear or where love bears a flower to adorn a cherished grave.

John Howard Payne was born in New York City on June 9, 1791. His father, who spent a large portion of his life in school teaching, was particularly fond of elocu-

tion, and from this source young Howard received much of that natural passion for declamation which early manifested itself in such a striking degree as to challenge the admiration of all who knew him. He also early manifested a most pronounced taste for everything pertaining to the drama; finally announcing his determination to become an actor, much to the dismay and distress of his staid and sober-minded parents, who little understood the world of poetry, the wealth of imagination, or the heaven-kindled fire of emotional passion that thrilled and illuminated the brilliant brain of their strange child.

To them his aspirations were the out-cropping of an unhealthy if not an evil imagination. An actor's life was thronged with temptations, and, even if a splendid success, was not its influence a power for evil? Did not the index finger of the stage point toward the pit rather than the stars? Was not the wandering life of an actor one of the most pathetic, unenviable, and unsatisfactory spectacles presented in these degenerate days? So reasoned those quiet, rigid, and staid representatives of that strong and sturdy life that is so rapidly vanishing from our midst. In short, his parents determined to nip this youthful fancy in the bud. They would not openly antagonize him, but besides discouraging everything that looked toward the mimic world, they would also turn his mind into another channel, and thus, by keeping his brain employed in an unimaginative pursuit, overcome the taste that had already assumed such rank proportions.

He was accordingly placed in a counting house in New

York, the humdrum life and prosaic details of which were peculiarly irksome to him; and by way of a congenial divertisement he soon commenced editing the *Thespian Mirror*, a small, critical, dramatic sheet. It was here that the literary world recognized the genius of the fourteen year old boy; his criticisms were of such marked ability as to attract the attention of leading scholars as well as find their way into such representative literary journals as the *New York Evening Post*. Among those impressed by the unusual brilliancy of the youthful editor was a wealthy New Yorker, named Seaman, who arranged to send Howard through college. Accordingly the boy left forever the counting house. No unusual shock in the business world, however, followed his exit. At Schenectady, New York, he entered college. Here a second effort was made to destroy all dramatic taste. Mr. Seaman, acting with his parents, succeeded in drawing the reins tighter than heretofore. Little money was given him, lest it might afford him an opportunity to gratify the innate longing of his soul. He was watched and strictly cautioned against attending dramatic entertainments. In short, he found himself exiled from the fairy land of the mimic world. He could dream about the glories that had once flitted before his vision, but he could no longer cross the threshold of the proscribed realm, even to gaze on the splendid spectacle. But his dreams were rosier than reality. He remembered only the fragrance and thought not of the thorns. He saw from afar the graceful symmetry and perfect performances that he

had witnessed in former days ; but the crudities were for gotten. Ah, little exile ! from the realm you long to enter you have built for yourself an ideal drama ; the mimic world that dwells in your soul is bright as fairy land in poet's dream, but it is not the realm of reality, as you one day will realize.

But to return to our sketch. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for young Payne, constituted as he was, than the severe restrictive course of his well-meaning but unwise parents and friends. Of the extent of this injury, of course, no one can speak positively, yet it is highly probable that the unfortunate restlessness that darkened his very existence, the changeableness that more than aught else prevented his maintaining a foremost position in life, was largely attributable to the condition of dissatisfaction engendered during these years,—of chafing under the cruel restrictions that sought to crush from his soul the aspiration that illuminated his youthful brain.

No greater mistake can be made by parents than seeking to destroy the natural taste or bent of a child which leads toward any laudable pursuit. The world is full of wrecks and failures which, but for injudicious parents, might have ornamented society and blessed the earth. Take a natural poet, try and make a mechanic of him and see what a miserable failure that life becomes. From studying the mental nature of this poet one is led to the conclusion that had his parents appreciated the fact that the heart must go hand in hand with any pursuit or calling that is destined to be preëminently successful, Payne's

life would have been far less pathetic and more successful.

In the year 1807, while still at college, the young poet found himself face to face with a terrible grief, the death of his mother. This irreparable loss, to a nature at once sensitive and refined, strongly emotional and extremely affectionate, was a blow, the severity of which only they who have stood unveiled in the presence of the same calamity can appreciate. Of his mother and her influence at the fireside, he wrote in a little college paper he was then editing: "The stranger witnessed her urbanity, the afflicted were solaced by her sympathy, but her family alone knew the extent of that meek and unassuming goodness, which, concealed from the world, displayed itself amid the cares, the joys, and sorrows of domestic life."

Shortly after the death of his mother the elder Payne failed in business. Howard, now feeling it his duty to enter the arena of active life and help retrieve his father's fortune, left college, sought and finally gained from his father a reluctant consent to his becoming an actor. After a sojourn in Boston, preparing for the stage, on the night of February 28, 1809, in the Park Theatre of New York,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE FIRST APPEARED BEFORE THE
FOOTLIGHTS.

By the ingenuity of the management, the curiosity of the public, and the personal interest of the youth's friends, the theatre was thronged with an immense audience of fashionable and critical spectators. Young Payne

appeared in the role of Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas" and it is a question if ever before or since a young debutant scored a more complete success. His magnificent stage presence, his sweet melodious voice, easy grace, and, above all, the genius manifested by the young actor, thrilled the audience with admiration and created an enthusiasm that passed expression. The applause was unbounded, the triumph complete. On retiring to the green room Howard Payne was greeted by his father and Mr. Seaman, who received him with open arms, expressing the greatest satisfaction and no little surprise at the splendid rendition.

After a brilliant engagement in New York, the youthful actor, who, it must be remembered, was not yet twenty years old, played in Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington. Everywhere the theatres were crowded, and the enthusiasm unbounded. He was, indeed, the idol of the hour, young, gifted, handsome.

A SPLENDID CAREER SEEMED INDICATED ON THE DIAL OF DESTINY

that should one day place him among the foremost of the great actors of earth; and such might and doubtless would have been the fruitage of this splendid springtime, had it not been for that spirit of restlessness and the changeable temperament which had grown and manifested itself with increasing strength under the unfortunate environments of his early youth, and which would doubtless have been remedied had the poet been blessed with

a life companion, with tastes, sympathies, and aspirations in harmony with his, to have acted as a pilot to his erratic genius, holding him in the course he had taken, and stimulating his brilliant imagination to higher flights and loftier summits. This, the one influence so essential to his success, and for which his whole soul yearned, was the one thing denied him by fate, though the fair angel that doubtless would have made his life supremely joyous, as well as a magnificent success, floated before his vision, only just beyond his reach, loved by him and loving in return, yet never in this life permitted to enjoy the elysium of which they both had dreamed.

And this brings us to the most pathetic chapter in this life so strongly marked by sadness.

THE HEART SORROW OF THE POET.

The story of disappointed love is always sad, even when the affection of one is unrequited, but doubly touching is it when the power of pure love burns with consuming intensity in each breast,—when the image of the loved one fills the compass of affection on the part of each heart,—yet where union of soul is prevented by outside influences. In such a case the bliss, and not unfrequently the success, of each individual is destroyed. Certain it is, such was largely the case with John Howard Payne and Miss Mary Harden.

At just what time we know not, but at some period during the early and brilliant dramatic career of Payne, he met Miss Harden ; she was a young lady of exceptional

beauty, the daughter of a wealthy Southern gentleman. To the young actor, all that soul could desire was found in this refined child of the South. She was the very embodiment of that charming ideal that had haunted his brain and floated before the poetic vision of his imagination.

Miss Harden also saw and loved the idol of the hour. Not in his splendid dramatic flights, that thrilled thousands and brought down the thundering applause of crowded theatres, did this sweet-souled child feel the subtle power that linked his every thought to her ; but in the quiet hours they spent together, wherein she saw and felt the magic spell of this naturally refined, delicate, and high-minded youth, she found that perfect response that dwells only where there is a union of soul-life and where one heart throbs with the joy or aches with the pain that is felt by the other.

These two lovers were soon engaged to be married. Each filled the ideal of the other's dream and in the fairy world they pictured that the future was to unfold, you and I might have seen a glimpse of that elysium of which poets love to sing ; but in the midst of their dream of spring came the rude awakening,— the tempest broke upon them, the future was shattered, and in the twinkling of an eye all the fairy pictures they had conjured up vanished as disappears the morning dew, and they were alone in a cold, unsympathetic world, each carrying the corpse of a blissful life, each destined to hear forever ringing in their ears that saddest of all refrains, "it might have been."

THE BLIND WHO HAVE NEVER SEEN THE SPLENDOR
OF EARTH AND SKY,

whose eyes have never feasted upon the grandeur and glory of nature, may be ever happy. Not so that one who, after seeing, knowing, and enjoying the world of richness and beauty around him, is condemned to live and die in utter darkness. Even so, though a person of deeply affectionate and highly refined nature, that never comes in contact with a kindred nature that calls forth the music and sweetness of life, may live a comparatively happy life and float into the great beyond without dreaming how much of the sweet and of the bitter might have visited him. Not so with a life like that of Payne, who has seen, felt, and enjoyed the ecstasy of perfect love, but to see it, *ignis fatuus* like, ever elude his grasp. A heart thus pierced never heals, and though at times the smile may mount the lip the sigh is never absent from the heart.

The cause of breaking off the engagement was the stand taken by the strong-willed father of Miss Harden, who peremptorily forbade the union and insisted on his daughter breaking the engagement. Had Miss Mary been a person of stronger will, or had Payne been of a more reckless or daring nature, the issue would doubtless have been different. But the girl had ever regarded her father's word as law supreme, and, after finding her pleading unavailing, she probably hoped in time to win him over, for long after Payne visited Europe they still corresponded as lovers. Indeed, it is not unlikely that when the poet

wrote "Home, Sweet Home," though the vision of his father's cottage rose before his vivid imagination, yet, within its sacred precincts, in fancy's daring dream, he also saw the idolized image of Mary Harden, for to her he sent the original manuscript, interlined with the deepest protestations of love. This manuscript was cherished by Miss Harden as the dearest of her treasures, and at her death, which occurred in Athens, Georgia, in June, 1887, she requested that with her might be buried this priceless manuscript. Her wish was respected.

The principal cause of objection urged by Mr. Harden against the marriage of Mary with Payne was the fact that the young man was an actor. This fact, he held, rendered the youth socially beneath his daughter; and it may have been the lingering hope of some day wedding the only woman he ever loved, rather than the unsatisfactory excuses that Mr. Payne gave for his course, that led him to so early abandon the stage. In justice to Miss Harden, it should be stated that though she refused to defy her father's command, she withdrew from the society in which she was the acknowledged belle and always after lived a quiet, retired life,—ever cherishing the memory of the brilliant and loving nature who gave her the wealth of his youthful affections and never recalled it, though he was for years the lion of society on both continents.

Such is an outline of the sad romance that shadowed the poet's life and in the light of which we can readily understand much that otherwise would be inexplicable. We now return to his public life. After his magnificent

success in America he sailed for England, where he met with a most flattering reception. In fact, it seemed that the mother country determined to out do America in her lavish applause. In London and elsewhere he played a series of engagements that were eminently successful.

Thinking he was not realizing as large a share of the profits as should come to him, he determined to try the role of a manager. In this, as in most business ventures, he made a dismal failure, becoming heavily involved and finally being thrown in prison for debt. While there he translated "Thérèse" from the French. This piece being accepted by the management of Drury Lane Theatre and proving a most brilliant success, Payne was enabled to compromise with his creditors and regain his liberty, after which he removed to Paris and engaged in translating, adapting, and writing plays. Indeed, for some years before his imprisonment, Payne had devoted much time to composing and translating plays. In 1818 he wrote his greatest dramatic work, "Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin," a noble creation which has occupied a conspicuous place in the repertoire of the greatest English and American tragedians since its appearance. In 1822, Payne wrote "Clari, the Maid of Milan." In this piece occurred "Home, Sweet Home,"

THE GREAT HEART SONG OF THIS CENTURY,

which, more than aught else, has made John Howard Payne immortal. This simple lay awakened a responsive echo in the heart of humanity, calling forth the applause

of the world. In one year from the time it was first heard before the footlights, one hundred thousand copies had been sold. As it is the jewel that has given the name of John Howard Payne the lustre of immortality, and as it was the loadstone which, after a rest of more than a quarter of a century in a foreign realm, brought his remains back to his native land, we reproduce it below, feeling that even this brief outline of the life of the wandering poet would be incomplete without

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home !
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again !
The birds singing gaily that came at my call ;
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all !

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !

There's no place like home !

Some time after this Payne started in London a dramatic sheet, known as the “Dramatic Opera Glass,” which proved a financial failure, as did several of his plays and translations. Thus with alternate success and failure, sometimes on the high crested wave of prosperity and affluence, then again down in the depths of penury and want, he passed almost a score of years in Europe.

During his sojourn in the old world, he enjoyed the friendship of many of the greatest literary, dramatic, and artistic lights of the age, among whom may be mentioned Washington Irving,—who was a most intimate associate of Payne,—Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, John Philip Kemble, Edmund Kean, and the artists West, Leslie, Haydon, and Allston. During this time he wrote, adapted, and translated for the English stage more than fifty plays, a large number of which proved remarkably successful. In the summer of 1832 he sailed for his native land, where he received a royal welcome. At the Park Theatre a magnificent complimentary benefit was tendered the man, who, as a boy a little more than a score of years before, had in this same place entered public life so auspiciously.

In this benefit, the opening play was Payne's "Brutus," the star role being sustained by Edwin Forrest. After the tragedy "Home, Sweet Home" was sung with thrilling effect. The house was packed from pit to dome, although the price of tickets was from one to five dollars. The receipts of the box office for this entertainment were seven thousand dollars. In like manner brilliant complimentary entertainments were tendered him in Boston and other places.

In 1838 he removed to Washington, where he became intimately acquainted with Vice-President John Tyler and a number of the leading statesmen of the nation. On the death of President Harrison, he was given by Mr. Tyler the foreign consulship at Tunis, for which point he sailed

in 1843; but in less than three years President Polk recalled him, to give the position to a client of Senator Benton. After his return he spent some time in New York, subsequently removing to Washington.

JENNY LIND'S DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

During his residence in the latter city a most pleasing compliment was paid the poet by the world's greatest singer. It came about in this way. A concert was given in December of 1850, by Jenny Lind, in the capitol city. The audience that thronged the concert hall on that memorable night was one of the most distinguished and brilliant that ever assembled in Washington. On the front seats were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, President Fillmore, General Scott and Mr. Payne. According to the programme the concert was to close with a song written for Jenny Lind by Bayard Taylor, entitled "Greeting to America."

This selection was received with marked favor, appealing as it did to the patriotism as well as the artistic taste of the audience. She closed amid a perfect storm of tumultuous applause, during which Mr. Webster, as if responding on the part of America, arose slowly in his place and made a profound bow to the nightingale from over the waters. This occasioned a renewal of the demonstrations of delight, which continued until Jenny Lind, who had retired, reappeared. She slowly advanced towards the footlights, her face betraying intense emotion, and, instead of returning Mr. Webster's

acknowledgment even by a glance or a smile, she fixed her eyes intently on the wandering poet, as though she wished to speak to his very soul; then, with a wealth of feeling seldom evinced even by that marvellous woman, and in a voice clear as a bell and sweet as music from the other world, she began: "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam," etc. The effect was tremendous. The audience was electrified, and save for the occasional outbursts of applause and the clear voice of the songster, one might have heard the proverbial pin fall over the vast auditorium. Thousands of eyes wandered from the singer to the author of the song, and notwithstanding the peculiar embarrassment experienced by the poet from this sudden and unexpected recognition, it must have been one of the proudest moments of his life, for Payne was mortal and enjoyed the approbation and applause of his fellowmen as keenly as anyone.

About two months later he received from President Fillmore his commission as consul to Tunis. He did not sail for the old world, however, for three months after his re-appointment. On the sixth of May, 1851, he took passage in the steamer Humboldt, bound for Havre. As the shores of America slowly faded from his vision he little thought that he was viewing through his mortal eyes for the last time his native land, or that in less than twelve months his spirit would have passed beyond the vale; yet such was the case, for shortly after reaching his destination his health began to decline, and though he received the kindest attention from friends and physician, and in

spite of the gentle and loving ministrations of four pure, unselfish, and devoted Sisters of Charity, his soul cast off the worn-out garment and swept into the Great Beyond on April the 9th, 1852.

THUS IN A FOREIGN LAND,

'neath the waving palms of Afric's coast, and within sound of the eternal plashing of the blue Mediterranean, passed from earth the spirit of John Howard Payne, after its weary warfare, its triumphs and defeats, its deathless love and blasted hope, its moments of exaltation and hours of intense melancholy,—a rich poetic dream, over which the spirit of sadness brooded and through which the pathetic music of a sighing heart might ever be heard. He was buried in the English cemetery at Tunis, and on his tombstone was graven this fitting verse :

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
 To realms beyond the azure dome,
 With arms outstretched God's angels said :
 " Welcome to Heaven's ' Home, Sweet Home.' "

His remains were not destined to remain forever in a distant land, for after the ebb and flow of thirty years, one autumn day in 1882, an elderly gentleman, Mr. William W. Corcoran by name, is riding past one of the great hotels of Washington City. The Marine Band is playing "Home, Sweet Home"; the elderly gentleman pauses under its spell, while before him the past rises as a dream. He remembers the memorable night, now more than sixty

years ago, when in the same city he first saw the gifted actor in the splendid morning of his dramatic career. Next he sees the firm, fond friend of after years; the many golden hours passed in the brilliant society of the accomplished scholar come before him as though they transpired but yesterday. He remembers the death of his friend in a foreign land, and the irony of fate startles him. The author of "Home, Sweet Home" rests thousands of miles from his native land. All this and more flashed before the mind of Mr. Corcoran, as the plaintive air fell on his ear, and he then resolved, that come what might, he would see that the body of his friend was brought back to America and interred in Oak Hill Cemetery, which spot, when Payne lived in Washington, was known as Parrot's Grove and was a favorite haunt of the poet. He at once set to work to accomplish this deed of love, and on the 22d of March, 1883, the remains of the poet reached New York. Two days later they were conveyed to Washington, but it was not until June the 9th, the ninety-second anniversary of Mr. Payne's birth, that the body was consigned to its final resting place. The funeral procession and ceremony were among the most remarkable ever witnessed in this land. Here, amid the solemn sound of the minute guns, the mournful melody of the funeral dirge and the measured tramp of martial columns, the ashes of the poet were borne to his new-made tomb. Many were the poems inspired by this event, among which none is sweeter or more impressive than Will Carleton's beautiful lines, wherein he tells us that :

He shall rest where laurels wave
And fragrant grasses twine ;
His sweetly kept and honored grave
Shall be a sacred shrine.
And pilgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend above
The man, who sang the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Bryant, whose songs and thoughts that bless
The heart, its teachers and its joy,
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness,
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way ;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb ;
But those that graced his own Green River,
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever.

— *Halleck.*

WE think of Nero, and a feeling of execration, detestation, and infinite loathing swims before the vision of the mind. Napoleon's name is mentioned, and before us rises the image of a marvellous military genius, a man whose giant brain was the abject slave of a heartless ambition, a human juggernaut, who being ever goaded on by an insane and insatiable thirst for power and glory, mowed down humanity as heartlessly as the reaper cuts down the grain and flowers, deaf to human sorrow, and ignorant of the finer chords that vibrate in the soul of humanity,—a fateful spectre of power and of death; a great brain, a heart of stone.

Shakespeare, a genius who, like Homer, emerges from the darkness of obscurity to give the world an immortal treasure, whose richness must ever dazzle the intellect of the world. A man of whom it has been justly observed, if he had created the human heart, he could not have better understood it than he did. Who has portrayed every noble and ignoble emotion, every holy aspiration, every base thought or impulse, to whom the sweet innocence of the child, the matchless devotion of a maiden, the relentless cruelty of a tyrant, the unsatisfied and restless ambition of the great, the majesty of royalty, the simplicity of the poor, the coarseness of the ignorant, the sinister and ghastly thoughts born in the criminal's brain, the frankness and purity of the noble minded, the holy aspiration of the good, the prophetic vision of the seer, and the profound observations of the philosopher, were equally familiar, and mirrored forth for all ages as clearly as one's image is reflected in the limpid water of a smooth flowing stream.

Bryant, the patriarch of American poetry. At the mention of that name there is unfolded before us a picture of surpassing loveliness. A man whose soul was filled with poetry, whose life was a poem of matchless beauty, purity, devotion, almost the ideal life, whether viewed in the light of a patriot, a husband, or a poet and author. So sweetly simple and unobtrusive in his daily career, so grandly great and supremely majestic in his poetic thoughts and conceptions. The works of no great poet are characterized by greater purity of sentiment, or more

strongly marked by an entire absence of the feverish imagination or unhealthy passion, that is present to a greater or less extent in the productions of most great poets. His productions are as pure as the snow that fell around the log home of his childhood; as clear as the waters that gushed from the mountainous rocks in old Hampshire county where he was born; as fragrant and beauteous as the flowers that were ever so dear to him; and they were also frequently stately, majestic, and grand, like august nature, which claimed him as her beloved child, and to whose soul she revealed her splendors, as she has revealed them to few of the sons of men.

Bryant wrote lofty sentiments, and gave utterance to some of the most exalted, ethical aspirations known to the human heart; but he never uttered a thought or enunciated a sentiment that he did not profoundly feel and believe. While only a youth, he wrote that most memorable poem, closing with the lines :

“So live, that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

And this thought was the guiding star of his long and illustrious life.

THE POET'S CHILDHOOD.

He was born in 1794, in a log-house at Cummington, amid the high hills and picturesque vales of Hampshire County, in Massachusetts. His father, who was a physician of no mean ability, was greatly disturbed at the abnormal size of his son's head. Indeed, the cerebral development was in such marked contrast with the exceedingly frail body, that Dr. Bryant felt to avoid serious consequences, a prompt remedy must be employed. What could he do? The anxious father was perplexed. No doubt he had often seen aggravated cases of the "big head," but this was an entirely new phase, and he could find no remedy in the books. He was of a rather original turn of mind, and not so foolish as to believe all wisdom in medicine could be found in books. Therefore he finally settled on a remedy that he convinced himself would prove valuable. He ordered his son's head ducked every morning in a cold spring of water near the house. Two students who were studying medicine under Dr. Byrant, were deputed to administer this novel treatment. The infant who was destined to call forth the applause of the world and sing songs that should be immortal, was sorely vexed and exhibited anything but a serene or heavenly frame of mind during this unwarranted interference with his morning naps.

He fought stoutly, and daily awakened echoes in the neighboring forests with his indignant protest against the ruthless invasion of his peaceful slumbers. Whether it

was the remedy or not, we are unable to say, but certain it is, his head gradually assumed a more normal appearance, while his body grew stronger, until at last Dr. Bryant was satisfied with the result of his treatment, and permitted it to be discontinued. The early boyhood of the poet forms a pointed illustration of the great truth so little understood by parents — that if a child enjoys the proper surroundings, breathes a healthy atmosphere, and enjoys the right kind of instruction in early years, he will in almost all cases prove an ornament to society, and a blessing to mankind.

Our poet's exceptionally favorable surroundings doubtless contributed much to his success in life. The scenery around his native home was of that grand, picturesque, and beautiful nature, that would naturally inspire and bring out those two elements which entered so largely into his being — the love of the beautiful and sublime. On every side his child eyes feasted on the splendors of nature — the opening flower, laden with perfume, the gorgeous butterfly floating on the summer air, the sweet-songed bird, the solemn forest so majestic and sublime, the indescribable glory of the autumn sunsets, the solemn grandeur of the thunderstorm, the crystal purity and dazzling brilliance of nature when shrouded in snow and ice. All these stirred in his boyish soul emotion far beyond the conception of those who possess not the soul of a poet or an artist. And they were powerful influences that doubtless contributed more than we imagine to his education. His home life also was just such as his nature required.

His mother, father, and two of his uncles, never wearied in their efforts to educate him and stimulate his love for the best works in literature. His father's library was not extensive, but it was filled with the choicest works. Among its volumes he best loved Homer, which charmed him with the elements of grandeur, beauty, sublimity, and pure, poetic fire found therein. A few years later, he received additional instruction from several able Unitarian ministers, and in 1810 he entered the sophomore class in Williams College; but like so many of our men of genius, he did not graduate, in fact, he only spent a year within the college walls, after which he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1815. But law was not to be his province, for long before literature had claimed him among her chosen sons: when only nine years of age he had composed verses that indicated genius, and four years later he wrote a poem, entitled the "Embargo," a political satire that made him famous.

IN LOVE.

A great poetic soul like Bryant's could no more flourish without a kindred heart, whose hopes, joys, and aspirations would throb in unison with his own, than could the stately palm flourish in the ice fields of the North. It is not therefore strange, that while in the flower of early manhood, we find him lavishing his affections on a beauteous maiden, who with her father was then visiting his parents. The affection seemed to be reciprocated, for, soon after the lady returned to her home in Rhode Island, letters

were exchanged at such brief intervals as to convey the idea of a well-defined case of that common yet serious malady, which grave gray-beards call love-sickness. To her Bryant wrote many verses, among which are the two following stanzas :

“ The home thy presence made so dear
I leave; the parting hour is past,
Yet thy sweet image haunts me here,
In tears, as when I saw thee last.

“ It meets me when the woods are deep,
It comes when twilight tints depart,
It bends above me while I sleep,
With pensive looks that pierce my heart.”

We know not why, but for some reason this match was broken off. The joyous dream of spring vanished. The purple-tinted cloud melted away; the golden castle that filled the young poet's imagination disappeared, and he awoke to find his first love ended in his first sorrow. Yet, as is often seen, behind our sorest afflictions there awaits a greater blessing than we had dreamed could be in store for us. The young poet's loss was doubtless a life-long gain, for later, at Great Barrington, where he was practicing law, he met Fanny Fairchild,

HIS FUTURE BRIDE,

who won his heart as completely as he won hers.

She was a farmer's child — a pretty blonde, small in person, graceful in every movement, possessing a wealth

of light brown hair and deep gray eyes, together with a strangely frank and sweet countenance,—indeed, she was fairest of all the maidens who dwelt on the bank of Green River, and richly endowed with good sense. It was descriptive of this charming little lady that Mr. Bryant wrote the following well known lines.

O ! FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS !

O ! fairest of the rural maids !
 Thy birth was in the forest shades ;
 Green boughs and glimpses of the sky,
 Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
 Were e'en in the sylvan wild,
 And all the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
 Is in the light shade of thy locks ;
 Thy step is as the wind — that weaves
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
 And silent waters heaven is seen ;
 Their lashes are the herbs that look
 On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
 Are not more sinless than thy breast ;
 The holy peace that fills the air
 In those calm solitudes, is there.

This sweet and superior maiden became Mrs. Bryant in 1821. And of this union, which lasted for forty-five years,

we can only say it was a poem — a pure, holy poem — in which the light of love and devotion grew brighter and brighter with every succeeding year, and when she died the light of the poet's life went out.

MR. BRYANT'S MARRIED LIFE

contrasts so strikingly with those of many of the world's great poets, and was so perfect in every respect, that one loves to linger over its history as over a fragrant vine or a bed of rich-scented roses. Every poem he wrote he submitted to her and anxiously awaited her criticism. In reference to her opinion he writes :

"I never wrote a poem I did not repeat to her and take her judgment upon it, and I found its success with the public to be precisely in proportion to the impression it made upon her. She loved my verses and judged them kindly, but did not like them all equally well."

It was to her twenty years after they had been wedded, that he addressed the following famous poem.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
 Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
 And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
 Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
 In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
 And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
 Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
 And wrath has left its scar — that fire of hell —
 Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wearest the glory of the sky,
 Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
 The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
 Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
 The wisdom that I learned so ill in this —
 The wisdom which is love,— till I become
 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

And after she had left him he thus touchingly writes of
 her :

"All my plans, even to the least importance, were laid with some reference to her judgment or her pleasure. I always knew it would be the greatest calamity of my life to lose her, but not till the blow fell did I know how heavy it would be, and what a solitude the earth would seem without her."

After she had been dead several years, the poet reveals the loneliness of his soul in the following exquisite poem :

ALONE WITHOUT THEE.

The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call thee to my side no more,
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of Spring,
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring
The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined, haply, to some kind commending word,
By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye
That once I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not; before my eyes
The image of a hillside mound appears,
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
 That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
 All that the world can give of fame or praise,
 For one sweet look of thine.

Thus ever — when I read of generous deeds,
 Such words as thou did once delight to hear,
 My heart is wrung with anguish as it bleeds,
 To think thou art not near.

And now that I can talk no more with thee
 Of ancient friends and days too fair to last,
 A bitterness blends with the memory
 Of all that happy past.

Not only as a poet and as a husband was Mr. Bryant's
 life so near the ideal, but

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

he was remarkably successful. Moving to New York in 1825, he abandoned the legal profession and gave himself up to a literary life. Soon after he connected himself with the New York *Evening Post*, from which he eventually reaped an ample fortune. His brave, patriotic course during the war of the rebellion, his able letters contributed during his travels in Europe and elsewhere, and his strong, vigorous, and just editorials, gave the poet a high standing, not only in a literary sense, but morally and politically. Beside his editorial work, a portion of his later years was devoted to his magnificent translation of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and the careful compilation of his library of poetry and song, both works

which are scarcely less valuable acquisitions to the literature of America than his remarkably beautiful poems.

HIS HEALTH AND VITALITY.

When he was a babe, as we have before observed, he was very delicate, but he lived to be eighty-four years old, and enjoyed to the day of his last illness a mental vigor that was simply amazing, as seen in his latest poems, which scarcely show a trace of time on the mind that composed them, while his physical health was remarkably good. Shortly before he died, a friend asked him the secret of his youthful vitality, and he replied, It is all found in the one word *moderation*. He lived chiefly on milk, cereals, and fruit, and never indulged in any excesses. Mr. Epes Sargent, in referring to his life, says :

“Bryant’s morality was not only psychical but physiological. He revered and fulfilled the laws of physical health. He took scrupulous care of himself. His senses were perfect at four score. His eyes needed no glasses — his hearing was exquisitely fine. He out-walked most men of middle-age,—regular in all his habits he retained his youth almost to the last.”

HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS

were very pronounced. He was a member of the Unitarian fellowship, and certain it is that a more consistent or devout Christian cannot be found among the illustrious names that grace the literary history of the New World. His life, his influence, his actions, were pure, elevating, and ennobling, and when he had descended far into the

vale of years, instead of growing irritable and impatient, as is the case of most old men, he took all the petty annoyances that came up in the same sweet temper as he did in the prime of life. Yet they gave him keen annoyance, as the following extract, written by him to a friend, reveals:

“Is there a penny-post, do you think, in the world to come? Do people there write for autographs to those who have gained a little notoriety? Do women there send letters, asking for money? Do boys persecute literary men with requests for a course of reading? Are there offices in that sphere which are coveted, and to obtain which men are pestered to write letters of recommendation? If anything of this kind takes place in the spirit-world, it may, perhaps, be of a purgatorial nature, or, perhaps, be the fate of the incorrigible sinner. Here on earth this discipline ever ends; and if it exists at all in the other world, it is of a kind which will never cease. On this account I am inclined to believe that the punishment for sin may be of endless duration; for here the annoyances and miseries which I have mentioned cease with death, and in the other world — where there is no death — they will, of course, never come to an end.”

THE CLOSING HOURS.

It had ever been the fond hope and oft expressed desire of Mr. Bryant to die in the month of June. This wish so often haunted his soul that at last it found expression in the following beautiful lines:

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
 And the green mountains round,
 And thought that when I came to lie
 At rest within the ground,

'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
 When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
 And groves a cheerful sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
 The rich, green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
 A coffin borne through sleet,
 And icy clods above it rolled,
 While fierce the tempests beat,—
 Away! I will not think of these —
 Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
 Earth green beneath the feet,
 And be the damp mould gently pressed
 Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours
 The golden light should lie,
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
 Stand in their beauty by.
 The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell ;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be heard
 The housewife bee, and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
 Come — from the village sent,
 Or song of maids, beneath the moon,
 With fairy laughter blent?
 And what if in the evening light,
 Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight, nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow ;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene ;
 Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 Is that his grave is green ;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice,
 To hear again his living voice.

Late in the month of May, 1878, he was to deliver an address on the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini, the great Italian statesman and revolutionist, which had been erected in Central Park. The day of the unveiling arrived (May 29), and Mr. Bryant was at his post ; he delivered on this occasion the last of his many scholarly and brilliant addresses, closing it with the following remarkably vigorous paragraph, which was delivered with great emphasis : —

"Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the imperishable renown of thy original ! Remain for ages yet to come where we place thee, in this

resort of millions; remain till the day shall dawn, far distant though it may be, when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind !”

After this address he walked to the home of a friend, chatting and seeming to feel perfectly well, even expressing himself as expecting to live till he was in the nineties. On reaching their destination, his friend disengaged his arm from Mr. Bryant's, to unlock his door, and, on turning, beheld Mr. Bryant falling on the steps. Tenderly they lifted and bore the unconscious poet in the house, where medical aid was quickly summoned, but to no avail; he lingered in an unconscious state for two weeks, and then passed “up higher,” to be united with her who had been the sunshine and bright angel of his life. He was buried, as he so oft desired, in the lovely month of June, while the roses were wasting their perfume on the air and the birds were caroling their songs to heaven.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE history of eminent literary Americans does not contain a sadder page than that on which is written the life of Edgar Allen Poe. Gifted, brilliant, erratic, morbid, melancholy, and insane, such, in fact, was the author of "The Raven." There has seldom lived a man more slandered after his death than this child of a dark and gloomy fate. This was largely due to Poe's own bitter criticism of other writers, of human nature, and society in general. His enemies lived long after him, and when his brilliant but bitter pen had fallen forever from his hand, they hastened to blacken and traduce his memory. In referring to this, Mr. Minto, in an essay prepared for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, says : —

"Edgar Allen Poe is the most interesting figure in American literature, and his life furnishes the most extraordinary instance on record of systematic misrepresentation on the part of a biographer. The greater part of his short working life was passed in intense and unremitting literary toil, and no poems or romances were ever produced at greater expense of brain and spirit than his were."

It is true, that after the death of his idolized Virginia, the light and joy of his life went out in a blackness that made life horrible, and in the extreme agony of his grief he fled to the wine-cup for relief, and found an untimely grave. While we in no wise justify this weakness on the

part of the broken-hearted author, we have no sympathy with those who, seizing these facts, have built upon them a tissue of falsehoods that are as baseless as they are infamous.

It is very easy to misjudge a person, to impute evil where there is none, and to reiterate, as authentic facts, slanderous rumors instigated by jealousy and enmity. Poe has suffered from this kind of criticism as few men in the history of our literature have suffered. It is a significant fact that those who knew him best, and were the most intimately acquainted with him, have given him an entirely different character from that portrayed by those biographers, who were so prejudiced against the poet they have thrown the shadow of evil surmises over almost every act of his brief career.

THE CHILDHOOD OF POE.

The mother of our poet was a brilliant and gifted young actress of unsullied character ; his father, on account of having married an actress, was disinherited, and consequently went on the stage so as to be with his wife, and, at the same time, help make a livelihood. He was not remarkably apt, and only occupied secondary roles, but his wife was a woman of more than ordinary genius, and ably enacted many Shakespearean characters, such as Ophelia and Cordelia. Just nine months before Edgar was born, Mrs. Poe played in a heavy and gloomy play under the most distressing circumstances. How much this, and the assuming of such roles as the heart-broken and demented

Ophelia and sorrow-stricken Cordelia, had to do with the deep melancholy that pervaded the soul of the poet, and toward the close of his life, as he himself declared, ended in fits of insanity, will never be known. There certainly can be no doubt but that these gloomy conditions of the mother's mind exerted a most potent influence over the unborn child. Speaking of the mother's assumption of Ophelia, reminds us of the many striking points of resemblance between Shakespeare's great masterpiece, Hamlet, and Edgar Allen Poe. Both characters were dreamers, endowed with marvellously poetic natures. They both were handsome, attractive, and naturally amiable, courteous, frank and loving in their natures, but, in the very flower of early manhood, both were the victims of crushing griefs. In the case of Poe, these misfortunes seemed to begin before birth, and they followed him until the lamp of his youthful manhood went out in death's eclipse. Both characters had burdens laid upon them that were too heavy for natures so sensitive and delicately woven to bear. And the adversity that was meted out to them, the coldness of the world, and the unkindness of society, which to rougher, coarser, and more daring natures would have proved a healthful stimulant, to both the prince and poet were sufficient to first make life unendurably bitter, and in the end a tragedy. What Victor Hugo says of Hamlet will apply equally well to Poe:

"He is tormented by that possible life interwoven of reality and dream, concerning which we are all anxious. Somnambulism is diffused through all his actions. One might almost consider his

brain as a formation. There is a layer of suffering and a layer of thought,—then a layer of dreams. It is through this layer of dreams that he feels, learns, comprehends, eats, drinks, frets, mocks, weeps, and reasons. There is between life and him a transparency—the wall of dreams. One sees beyond it, but one cannot step over it. A kind of cloudy obstacle everywhere surrounds Hamlet. Have you never, while sleeping, had the nightmare of pursuit and flight, and tried to hasten on, and felt the ankylosis of your knees, the heaviness of your arms, the horrible paralysis of your benumbed hands? This nightmare Hamlet suffers while awake. He is not on the spot where life is; he has ever the air of a man who talks to you from the other side of a stream; he is the mournful man that we all are in certain situations. Unhealthy as he is, Hamlet expresses a permanent condition of man. He represents the discomfort of the soul in a life unsuited to it.”

Poe was the poet-dreamer of the New World, and many of his dreams are at once fantastic, uncanny, and horrible—mental nightmares, that carry with them the profound melancholy of the young life over which the pall of adversity and grief ever rested. Shortly after the birth of Edgar, the youthful mother and father died, and he was adopted by Mr. Allen, a wealthy Virginian merchant living in Richmond. Mr. Allen had no child, and Poe was brought up in the belief that he was to inherit Mr. Allen's fortune, something unfortunate for any youth, and doubly unfortunate for a person of his disposition. During these early years, he was bountifully supplied with money, another very unfortunate circumstance, which, without doubt, worked great ill to Poe, as it has to tens of thousands of other children who seemed born to bless the

world. He was first sent to school in Richmond, and afterward put into an English academy in Stoke Newington, then a suburb of London; five years later he returned to America, entered a school in Richmond, and subsequently entered the University of Virginia, where he remained nearly a year. While in Richmond, a schoolmate speaks of him in the following manner: "We all admired his great and varied talents, and were proud of him as the most distinguished schoolboy of our town. In person, he was active, sinewy, and graceful. In athletic exercises he was foremost, while his disposition was amiable and his manner pleasant and courteous." The year after leaving the University of Virginia, Poe published his first book of poems, and a few months later, in 1827, he sailed for Greece, fired by the same spirit that led Byron thither, each hoping that they might aid her in her struggle for liberty. He was absent two years, and, on returning, found that Mrs. Allen had just been buried. She had loved him with a true mother's love, and, though Mr. Allen, with his methodical business brain, had little patience with the poetic, erratic youth, so long as his wife lived, Poe enjoyed at their residence the comforts and hospitalities of a wealthy home. We next find him a student in West Point Military Academy, where the severe discipline and the course of study was so foreign to his fancy, he soon petitioned Mr. Allen to apply for his release. To this request Mr. Allen would not comply; he had married again, and into the new household a babe had been born, destined to be heir to that vast property

that Edgar had been brought up to believe he would inherit. Shortly after Mr. Allen refused to allow him to leave West Point, the young poet purposely committed such flagrant breaches of discipline that he was court-martialled and dismissed from the academy. On returning to Virginia, he found Mr. Allen's house closed to him. Thus, all at once, this spoiled child of fortune, who had had his every wish gratified in early boyhood, awakened to find himself penniless and alone in the world, with nothing to rely on but his pen. Then he commenced in earnest

HIS LITERARY PURSUITS,

and from that hour till his untimely death his struggle for a livelihood was a hard-fought battle, filled with bitterness, o'ershadowed with gloom, oftentimes made wretched with biting poverty.

In 1833, Poe, who at that time lived in Baltimore, won a \$100 prize for the best story, and a \$50 prize for the best poem, offered by the publisher of one of the popular magazines of the day. During this time he was constantly engaged in writing many of those strange, wild, weird stories that fill one alternately with fear, horror, admiration, and hope, and which are probably as original in conception and execution, as anything in the whole field of American literature. During his stay in Baltimore, he met his aunt, Mrs. Maria Clemm, who offered to share with him her poverty, and proffered him a home under her humble roof.

This Poe accepted. His aunt had an only daughter, named Virginia ; she was surpassingly beautiful, although only a child, and was as sweet, gentle, and lovable as she was fair. Her charms soon captured the young poet's heart, and they were married in May, 1836. Then followed a season of sunshine, such as only such highly poetic, strongly sensitive, and deeply affectionate natures as the young bride and groom possessed could fully appreciate. Poverty was the fate of the poet, but so long as his idolized Virginia was well, their home was his heaven, and for his loved one he labored early and late, indeed, his brain never rested. He felt impelled to work unremittently, to better his circumstances, that he might make a home worthy of such a fair, sweet angel as his little bride.

During all this time Poe's mind harbored the most melancholy apprehensions — their happiness was too complete to last. Virginia was too pure, noble, and perfect for this sin-laden and sorrow-burdened world — such were the poet's feelings, and, in the light of subsequent events, his fears seemed prophetic. For it was not long before he perceived that death had singled his idol for his prey. Virginia, while singing, broke a blood vessel, and from that moment went into a decline that drove Poe to the verge of raving mania, and, during the awful suspense of her illness, — when his brain had to work night and day to keep famine from his poverty-stricken fireside — he resorted to that fatal poison, that stimulates while it kills — liquor. There is nothing we can call to mind more pitifully pathetic than the following words of Poe,

describing his affliction and how he became addicted to liquor, to a friend, six years after the hemorrhage alluded to above :

“ Six years ago the greatest evil which can befall a man befell me. Six years ago, a wife whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood-vessel in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and again I hoped. At the end of a year the vessel broke again, and I went through precisely the same agony. Then again and again, and even once again, at varying intervals each time, I felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her with more pertinacity. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of *absolute insanity*, I drank — God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course my enemies referred the insanity to drink rather than the drink to the insanity. I have absolutely not the slightest pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes indulge so madly. It has not been in pursuit of pleasure that I have perilled life, reputation, and reason. It has been the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories.”

There is no doubt in our mind but there was a streak of insanity running through the poet's entire life. In fact his profound melancholy was only one indication of a disordered brain. The torture and suspense he underwent, during the weary years wherein he saw

HIS IDOL SLIPPING AWAY FROM HIM,

while he was not only impotent to save but unable to give the common necessities that her condition required, can better be imagined than described. In vain did he labor by day until worn out, and then turned night into day, that

he might make enough to secure her those things that he so well knew were essential. In vain did he tax his brain far beyond his physical strength, sending forth those marvellous, wild, and weird creations that he might make her lot more comfortable. In vain did he plead with his friends in Washington to get him a clerkship, if only at \$500 a year, that in that way he might make her few remaining days brighter. Of Poe's home-life, prior to the departure of his sweet wife, Captain Mayne Reid, the celebrated author, wrote :

"I have known Poe for a whole month to be closeted in his house, all the time at work with his pen, poorly paid and hard driven, to keep the wolf from his door—visited only by a few select friends who always found him what they knew him to be, a generous host, an affectionate son-in-law and husband."

Of the young wife the same author says :

"She was angelically beautiful in person and not less beautiful in spirit. No one who remembers the dark-eyed daughter of Virginia, her grace, her facial beauty, her demeanor, so modest as to be remarkable, no one who has ever spent an hour in her company but will indorse what I have said. I remember how we, the friends of the poet, used to talk of her high qualities, and when we talked of her beauty I knew well that the rose upon her cheek was too bright, too pure to be of earth. It was consumption's color, that sadly beautiful light that beacons to an early tomb."

We can but feebly appreciate the intense agony that wrung the finely wrought sensibilities of this brilliant child of genius and misfortunes during the closing days of his wife's life, while he was literally killing himself with over-

work to keep famine from the poor patient invalid that he loved so wildly. A glance into this cottage, as portrayed by Mrs. Marie Louise Shew, a gifted lady who visited and ministered often to their needs, will enable us to faintly appreciate the anguish of the poet's soul during these dark hours. This lady gives the following pen picture :

“ I saw her (Virginia) in her bed chamber. Everything was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and poverty-stricken, that I saw the poor sufferer with such a heartache. . . . There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but had a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompanied the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet.”

The day came all too soon when the dearly and devotedly loved Virginia lay cold and still, and with her death we find the poet's touch of insanity growing more marked,—his heart breaks. The strain has been too much for him. He drinks, and makes love to two or three fair and accomplished ladies at once, while all the time there is in the chamber of his soul a desolation and blackness that nothing can dispel, and which has been most beautifully described by himself in his simple, but touchingly beautiful “Annabel Lee,” where he so delicately refers to her high-born kinsmen, the angels, as taking her away from him. This poem was written shortly before he died, and reveals the burden that rested on his soul and

was greater than he could bear—the grief that haunted his lucid moments, and made him fly to the maddening bowl.

Who can read the following lines without most keenly appreciating the desolation of soul, the hopeless heart-sickness that the poet experienced at this time.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea
 That a maiden lived, whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee.
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought,
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more than a love
 I and my Annabel Lee—
 A love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of the cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee.
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me,
 Yes, that was the reason (as all men know
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of a cloud one night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we,—
 Of many far wiser than we;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And so all the night time, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

There can, we think, be no doubt but that Poe's life, after the death of his wife, was the life of a madman, with some lucid moments when he suffered as only such a delicate, sensitive soul could suffer from the sense of his great loss, of his unequal combat with the world, his intemperate habits that had cost him the respect of society, and was the crushing weapon of his foes, and of his consciousness that he was unsuited for the life he had to lead, and unappreciated by all save a few. His writing in general, indicates a disordered mind. A brilliant genius it is true, but not a healthy brain. A mind that, like Hamlet's, ever brooded over sorrow, and seemed haunted with a melancholy spell.

The following well-known poem illustrates this point quite forcibly :

LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl !—the spirit flown forever !
 Let the bell toll, a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river ;
 And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear ? weep now, or never more !

See, on yon drear and rigid bier, low lies thy love, Lenore !
 Come, let the burial rite be read, the funeral song be sung—
 An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young.

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.
 Wretches ! ye loved her for her wealth, and hailed her for her pride !
 And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her that she died.

How shall the ritual, then, be read ? the requiem, how be sung
 By you,—by yours, the evil eye, by yours the slanderous tongue
 That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young ?

Peccavinus ! But rave not thus, and let a Sabbath song
 Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
 The sweet Lenore hath “ gone before ” with hope that flew beside,
 Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride.

For her, the fair, the *debonair*, that now so lowly lies,
 The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes,
 The life still there upon her hair, the death upon her eyes.

Avaunt ! To-night my heart is light ! No dirge will I upraise,
 But waft the angels on her flight with a pæan of old days ;
Let no bells toll, lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
 Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnèd earth.

To friends above, from friends below, the indignant ghost is riven,
 From hell unto a high estate far up within the heaven,
 From grief and groan to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven.

“ The Raven ” also, beautiful and rhythmic as it is,
 breathes forth that same weird, mournful, unearthly

melancholy that reveals the fitful light of a brilliant but unhealthy brain. The same criticism may be justly made of most of his prose writings. All are scholarly and unique, standing as they do almost alone in literature, but they are not the outgushing of a sane and healthy mind.

It is doubtful whether the world would ever have been enriched with many of Poe's best contributions had not the fiend of poverty goaded him on. The circumstances of the composition of the well-known poem which we give below are not only interesting, but reveal the latent powers that required stimulation to bring them forth. A lady friend of Poe had called to administer to the dying Virginia. Edgar appreciated the necessity of compelling his pen to earn the much-needed gold, but he was tired, worn-out, and well-nigh heart-broken. He flung himself in a chair by the window, his mind refused to work; the clamor of the bells rolled in and greatly disturbed him; perhaps he was thinking of the time when the leaden tones would mournfully toll the knell of his love.

The friend placed pen and paper before him and said, "Now write a poem." "Oh!" he replied, "I cannot; those bells disturb me so." Quickly catching a subject for a new poem, the lady wrote, "The Bells, by E. A. Poe," and wrote the first line of the poem, whereupon the poet dashed off that wonderfully popular poem,

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells.

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten, golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle dove that listens while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh ! from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells.
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the future ! How it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—

Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells !

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright.

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,

In a mad expostulation of the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

With a resolute endeavor,

Now—now to sit—or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh ! the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair !

How they clang, and clash, and roar !

What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,

Of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells,—

In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.

In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people,

They that dwell up in the steeple

All alone ;

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone ;

They are neither man nor woman,

They are neither brute nor human,

They are ghouls ;

And their king it is who tolls,

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls a pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells ;

And he dances and he yells,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells,—

Of the bells.

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells,

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme
 To the rolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Early in October in 1849 we find ourselves confronted by the ignominious finale in the poet's mournful life — the last act of the tragedy. He left New York, whence he had gone to transact some business, and was now *en route* for Richmond, arriving in Baltimore at the time of an exciting election. It seems, from the meagre facts that have come to light, that he was lured to drink, with the probability that the wine was drugged, and when bereft of all reason was taken from one voting place to another, and voted time and again. Certain it is he was found some time later sleeping on a bench near the wharf. He was conveyed home by friends, but he never recovered, dying a short time after. Thus terminated, in the splendid prime of manhood, the brilliant poet whose life from youth to death rested beneath the eclipse of successive misfortunes. Under favorable circumstances his career might have been one of the most glorious in the annals of the nineteenth century; situated as he was, his life, although endowed with splendid genius, was comparatively a failure, and went out at the very moment when most scholars are entering the temple of renown.

ALICE CARY.

ON an April morning in 1820, only a few miles from Cincinnati, Ohio, was born a little girl with great, starry eyes in whose liquid light lay a world of wonder and of poetry. She came into the home of poverty, toil, and care. The little cabin, though mean, lowly, and uninviting, was not yet paid for and every member of the family felt the privation that the honest poor feel so keenly but bear so grandly. During the first dozen or fifteen years of this little fragile child's life in the West, to use her own words, "There seemed as though there was nothing reserved for our whole family but ceaseless toil and endless struggle for the right to live free from the curse of debt." The one thought and desire that possessed alike father, mother, and children was to wipe out what they owed and build a comfortable home, for the old house was what we of the present day would call a wretched hovel. Still, to the little girl the "old brown homestead" was a charmed palace where dwelt the glory of life's sweetest memories. What cared the bare-footed child, whose soul was resplendent with the purest love, whether the home be "low and little, black and old," so long as the mystic charm of the family circle was still unbroken. But a cloud was already rising, filling the background of a new picture with an ominous shadow. When Alice Cary for it is she

of whom we write, was twelve years old, her father, who, by dint of hard labor and great self-sacrifice, had paid off the old debt, was now completing a new home—very plain, but much larger than the house in which she had been born. All, from greatest to least, looked forward with joy to the day when they should enter the “new home.” “We thought,” said Alice in after years, “that it was to be the beginning of better times, that the old days of pinching poverty and meagre comforts were fading away, and in their place would come a brighter future. Instead,” she sorrowfully added, “all the sickness and death dates from the time the new house was finished. It seems as if nothing but trouble and sorrow has come to us since.” At this time a strange and remarkable phenomenon presented itself, that Alice Cary frequently described with a voice tremulous and eyes brimming with tears : she called it

OUR GHOST STORY.

And to do her justice we will quote her exact words, for an experience of this kind should always be related by the one on whose mind the apparition has been photographed. “Almost every family,” said the poetess, “has a ghost story. Ours has more than one, but this one fore-shadows all others. The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower ; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun

shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy (two younger favorite sisters of Alice Cary) came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine in the open door of the new house stood Rhoda, with Lucy in her arms. Some one said: 'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.' Upon this, another member called out 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came down stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the strange form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow; of what we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next Autumn, November 11; Lucy a month later, Dec. 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house, and out into the road, but no human being and not even a track could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying "that he had seen a little girl upstairs in a red dress." He is dead now, and such a bright boy!

Since the apparition in the door, never for one year has our family been free from the shadow of death. Ever since, some one of us has been dying."

There are many pathetic pictures in daily life—few more so than the sight of a child hungering and thirsting after knowledge, with the treasure placed beyond its reach, and its every effort to satisfy the soul craving discouraged and discountenanced. Yet this was the experience of Alice Cary. Her father's store of books did not number a dozen volumes, and there was no library that she had access to. Moreover, shortly after the death of her two sisters, Rhoda and Lucy, her mother floated away to that mysterious land where infinity greets eye, ear, and soul, where time is lost in eternity, and progress is the watchword of all ages. Two years later her father married a second time. This stepmother was a harsh, practical nature who knew little and cared less about literature.

No rose-tinted dream of beauty—no weird strain of melancholy, in soft notes of poetic sweetness, had ever thrilled her being. Consequently she could not understand, appreciate or sympathize with the finely strung and delicately-wrought soul of the little orphan girl.

Meantime, Alice and her sister Phoebe, had commenced writing verses; lame and often out of meter it is true, yet breathing the true poetic spirit and prophesying better things for the morrow. To the step-mother, the moments so spent were worse than wasted, and she contrived to keep the children hard at work during the entire day. When night came, however, Alice insisted on spending a

little time in writing, for her breast swelled with a lofty ambition: she cherished the hope of some day writing verses that would be published, and in time bring her renown. Her step-mother, however, determined to nip this folly, as she conceived it, in the bud, and so

REFUSED THE POOR ORPHAN

a candle, claiming that they could not afford the expense. Alice had set her heart on the accomplishment of her childhood's dream, and would not have it thus rudely crushed. Accordingly, she made herself a lamp with a saucer of lard, and a piece of rag performing the function of a wick. Thus lighted, during the slow passing hours of the winter evenings did the poor lonely girl think, write, and, when fortune favored her with a book, read. Often despondent and almost heart-broken, she would rise from her chair, steal to the window, and gaze toward the graveyard where rested the ashes of earth's dearest treasures; then, lifting her eyes to the blue sky above, hope showed a star that seemed to beckon her to brighter fields, and in the light of this star she trod the weary, thorn-strewn pathway of childhood, in which the very atmosphere she breathed was filled with the fatal miasma of uncongeniality.

Slowly the years crept by; day after day came freighted with hard, oftentimes irksome toil; few indeed were the moments she could call her own, but, during those moments, she would steal away to the graveyard, where her grief-burdened soul could give vent to its anguish over the graves of her loved ones. During the nights of those

long, weary years, she laid the foundation of her future fame by her tireless literary labors, blocking out poems and stories, and threading together pearls of bright thoughts that crowded her young brain.

At length she began sending her poems to the various Universalist periodicals that she was acquainted with, for her parents belonged to that denomination, and the splendid conception of a great God of love, that she imbibed from the teachings of her father's religious papers, dwelt in her pure soul from the morning of childhood even till the moment of her promotion into a broader and nobler field of labor. After a time her poems were gladly accepted by such papers as the *Boston Ladies' Repository*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the *National Era* of Washington. The editor of the last named paper was the first to give her any compensation for her work, and that not until long after she had become a regular contributor to his journal. Still, all this time her fame was growing; fine literary critics had been attracted by the beauty, simplicity, and pure poetic power of many of her creations. Even no less a critical scholar than Edgar Allen Poe declared that her "Pictures of Memory" was "One of the most musically perfect lyrics in the English language."

But before praising further the labors and struggles of this brave, sad, and sensitive child, we must mention the

ROMANTIC EPISODE OF HER LIFE.

A young gentleman of culture, and far more scholarly than the little country girl, came into the neighborhood ;

he was well connected, and his family well off and proud. However, the genius of Alice Cary, together with her pure affectionate nature, her beautiful, bright eyes, her open honesty, her ambition and her love, charmed and captured this young man. He wooed her, and she gave him the richest treasure in the world—a noble girl's love and devotion; then came the pressure of his family. They were determined he should never marry a poor country girl. He was required to return home, but left with the vows of deathless love given to the fair child in the Western cottage.

Long were the days, weeks, and months that dragged slowly away, but no lover returned. Never, however, did she doubt the one who held the wealth of her soul, until the terrible blow came like a thunder clap from a serene sky,—he yielded to the pressure of his family and married another; she read the account of her plighted lover's wedding from the pages of a newspaper that chanced to fall in her way. Those who are not possessed of a finely strung, highly sensitive and intensely affectionate nature can form no conception of the frightful force of this blow to the confiding girl, whose whole heart had been given to one in whom she had unbounded confidence. Sufficient to say, the news almost killed her. He was the idol of her life,—

SHE NEVER LOVED AGAIN.

Fitted by nature to make an ideal wife, endowed by an intensity of devotion rarely seen, and peculiarly domestic

in her natural disposition, she would have made the life of the man she so deeply loved indescribably happy ; but, robbed of his affections, she buried her grief and her love, and turned from the joys of domestic life to literature and philanthropy. This was only one link of a chain of great disappointments, griefs, and sorrows that were woven about her, from the early hour when her best beloved sister died until her great, starry eyes closed in death's eclipse. The severest criticism that has ever been passed on Alice Cary's poems is the melancholy spirit that pervades them, the number of tombstones that constantly appear. They who so censured know not of the shadows that filled the life, or the agony that thrilled the soul, of the patient and lonely toiler.

In 1850, Alice and Phoebe Cary came East, to visit the many friends who had sent them kindly words of praise, encouragement, and cordial invitations to visit them, First to New York, then to Boston, and from this point they visited Amesbury, Mass., where lived our loved Quaker poet.

They arrived at Mr. Whittier's house in the evening, and departed in the morning, but that short visit was as a breath of spring laden with the aroma of roses, to both the poet and his guests. It was descriptive of this visit that, in after years, Mr. Whittier penned the following beautiful lines :

" Years since (but names to me before),
 Two sisters sought at eve, my door ;
 Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
 A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had,
 Even then, a smile too sweetly sad ;
 The crown of pain that all must wear,
 Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet, ere the summer eve grew long,
 Her modest lips were sweet with song,
 A memory haunted all her words,
 Of clover fields and singing birds.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
 The broad horizon of the West ;
 Her speech dropped prairie flowers ; the gold
 Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Foreshadowed to song she seemed to me,
 I queried not with destiny ;
 I knew the trial and the need,
 Yet all the more, I said, God speed.

What could I other than I did ?
 Could I a singing bird forbid ?
 Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke
 The music of the forest brook ?

She went with morning from my door,
 But left me richer than before ;
 Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
 The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed ; through all the land her name
 A pleasant household word became ;
 All felt behind the singer stood
 A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play ;
 Her tired feet climbed a weary way,

And even through her lightest strain
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her, her fair fame grew,
The good she did, she rarely knew;
Ungessed of her in life the love
That raised its tears her grave above.

Returning home from their visit in the great and populous East, it is probable that they would have settled down in the West, and perchance have given the world comparatively little of the great impetus to do right—the fragrance of their philanthropy, and the treasures of their literary genius, had it not been for the blow which fell on Alice about this time, to which we have already alluded, which shattered the idol of her devotion, and made her feel that she must flee from the haunts and nooks where the hallowed associations of love, now vanished forever, continually rose before her despairing heart. She determined to go forth a stranger in the great world, and battle for life and fame. Accordingly, in November, 1850, she set out for New York, and in the spring of 1851, Phœbe joined her here. In the crowded metropolis of the New World they lived and labored, earning a livelihood by their pen, and for many years almost starving, because their pens brought in so little and they would not go in debt. At their rooms gathered many of the brightest, noblest, and bravest of our great men and women, and in their society all felt free and at home. In after years their circumstances grew better; they moved to Twentieth Street, where, until Alice's last sickness, their home was

a kind of Mecca for literary, artistic, and philanthropic people. Of Alice Cary's

RELIGIOUS VIEWS,

we cannot do better than quote her own words as embodying her thought and belief. Her whole life was consecrated to the service of humanity, to doing good and blessing the race.

MY CREED.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
Where centre is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go —
Whatever things be sweet and fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies,
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word;

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly-sumptuous garden bowers,
Or, by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers;

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
 Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
 That make us saints ; we judge the tree
 By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
 From works, on theological trust,
 I know the blood about his heart
 Is dry as dust.

And again she sings :

Laugh, you who never had
 Your dead come back, but do not take from me
 The harmless comfort of my foolish dream
 That these our mortal eyes,
 Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
 Do introvert upon eternity ;
 And that the shapes you deem
 Imaginations, just as clearly fall
 Each from its own divine original,
 And through some subtle element of light
 Upon the inward spiritual eye,
 As do the things that round about them lie
 Gross and material on the external sight.

In 1862 her sister Elmira died, and from that hour her health gradually failed ; her friends vainly implored her to quit the hot, dusty city, and renew life in the bracing air of the mountains, but she would listen to no counsel on this subject until it was too late. From the shock of her sister's death Alice Cary never rallied, although for many long months she lingered, suffering untold agony, yet always cheerful and patient. On Feb. 12, 1871, she passed

from earth, and the entire nation felt a thrill of sadness, as the wires carried the news of our loss.

Her poems are very dear to the people ; they possess a purity, simplicity and sincerity, rarely equalled in modern verse.

But her life itself was her grandest poem — pure, sublime and beautiful from first to last, though darkened by heavy shadows and great griefs, that rolled their blackness ever and anon against her highly sensitive soul.

PHŒBE CARY.

IT seems the decree of fate that some natures must age early, while others never grow old, — from birth to death they are children. The silver that comes with advancing years catches and reflects as much sunshine as the raven locks that wooed the balmy breezes of childhood's spring-time. No happier illustration of the permanency of the child-nature can be found than in the life of Phœbe Cary. She was ever a clinging, dependent, impulsive, emotional child, yet a sweeter, more radiant, or beautiful life has rarely appeared on this troubled, clouded earth. She entered this world in a poverty-stricken little prosaic cabin, eight miles north of Cincinnati; a home rude in exterior, and within a touching picture of pinching penury. Yet she was not destitute, for beneath that little roof-tree dwelt a kind, generous, strong, and beautiful-souled father a noble, pure, and just-minded mother. The inspiration of the home was as the exhalation from a garden of roses in June, richly fragrant, yet delicate and pure. What though want peered through the window; what though oftentimes they had not sufficient plain food to satisfy nature's cravings; what though the dawn of each day brought hard, persistent, and continuous toil for all, from the eldest to the youngest, life was bright for there dwelt love. The little hardships they were so bravely bearing were des-

timed soon to be lost in the midst of great and crushing woes. When Phœbe was but nine years old, the angel of the shadow crossed the threshold of their little home, and departing bore her little sister Rhoda beyond the vale. One month later, almost to the day, the dark form returned and called another sister, Lucy, who, impelled by the Imperial will, left the loved ones and the little lump of clay which had so shortly before held enthroned a human soul. Two years later, the idolized mother received the solemn summons. Thus in the morning of childhood the little girl was brought face to face with the greatest calamity a child can experience — the loss of a devoted mother. Two years of sadness and grieving, two long years, in which Phœbe turned as instinctively to her elder sister Alice in her woe, as the opening bud turns heavenward, elapsed, when another misfortune overtook the sisters. It was the second marriage of their father. The stepmother, a cold, severe, matter-of-fact and unemotional nature, sought to crush out all poetry from the children's lives. A long bitter night ensued, wherein the sisters struggled together in an atmosphere as unfriendly to their aspirations as it was uncongenial to their tastes. By stealth and by night they continued to write poetry, their companionship their few books, and their muse being well nigh their only consolation. When but fourteen years old, Phœbe secretly mailed

A POEM SHE HAD COMPOSED

to a Boston paper. She heard nothing more of it and

naturally came to the conclusion that it had found a timely or untimely grave in the editor's waste basket. One evening, however, on the arrival of their Cincinnati weekly, she was thrilled with an ecstasy never before experienced: there before her eyes she beheld her own poem taken from the Boston paper and properly accredited to the little Ohioan. In after years, when speaking of the sensations of that hour, Phœbe said: "I no longer cared if I was poor and my clothes were plain; some one cared enough for my verses to print them and I was happy." What a world of tender pathos in the picture that these words call before the mind! The little poverty-stricken, yet proud-spirited and sensitive child, fired with ambition, thirsting for light, and love, and recognition, meeting with discouragements at home, and slighted and neglected among her schoolmates whose clothes were better than hers; a child whose life had been filled with thorns, knowing little but hard work, great privations, and, bitterer than aught else, who had lost a mother at the very time when her unfolding nature basked in the rich splendor of that sweet, gentle, and sympathetic parent's love. We say it is difficult to conceive a more delicately touching and yet pleasing scene than this little country girl wrapt in ecstasy, devouring her verses "*in print.*"

To Alice in the moment of her triumph she turned, as she ever did in hours of anxiety, trouble, and disappointment, and her sister praised her and rejoiced as though the success was her own. And here it is necessary to speak a word in reference to the intimate, life-long relationship

that existed between the sisters. When the melancholy hour came and the mother was called away, Phœbe, two years younger than her sister, threw herself into the arms of Alice, who, though her own heart was breaking, felt doubly the anguish of her little sister, and comforted her with words beyond her years. From that moment Alice became a mother to Phœbe, who ever clung as naturally to her elder sister as a vine clings to a tree. And Alice in turn needed Phœbe, for since her sister Rhoda died she had felt almost alone, as Alice and Rhoda were always together before the latter went away. The harmony of their child natures was as beautiful as it was brief. Hence when death invaded the home, calling the favorite sister and the mother from the family circle, it was not strange that Alice and Phœbe turned to each other for

THE PRICELESS CONSOLATION OF MUTUAL LOVE.

With this brief glance at the childhood of the Cary sisters we pass over several years of hardships and toils — years that were little more than repetitions of the sad experience before alluded to with the harsh and prosaic stepmother. But during these years they were slowly but surely making for themselves a permanent and enviable reputation; they were working their way into the hearts of thousands by the beauty, sentiment, and truth of their pure and natural poems, which were now being published quite extensively in the east. Their writings also soon brought them some little financial return, which was carefully treasured up with a view to realizing at some no dis-

tant day a dream of delight, which ever floated in their imagination and was the theme of hours of confidential discussion between the sisters. This desire which they so loved to dwell upon was to break away from the prosaic life in the little home and fly to the great and splendid east, from whence they had received so many kind invitations and words of encouragement.

One day during this period a stranger dropped in upon them when no one was expected; a great man who had been charmed by the songs of the singers while engrossed in the arduous cares of a busy life in New York. When leaving for Cincinnati he had promised himself a visit to the home of the promising children whose words to him were strangely sweet.

This unexpected guest was none other than Horace Greeley, who thus referred to this visit to the home of the Cary sisters. "I found them on my first visit to Cincinnati, early in the summer of 1849, and the afternoon spent in their tidy cottage on Walnut Hill, seven miles out of the city, is among the greenest oases in my recollection of scenes and events long past." In 1850 their long cherished dream was realized. The sisters had saved enough money for their journey from their writings and the publication of a compilation of their poems that had been issued some months before. Accordingly they set their faces toward the teeming metropolis of the new world, from whence they had received numerous warm and heartfelt invitations from interested and admiring friends. From New York they visited Boston, and thence turned set out for Amesbury,

where dwelt the New England "poet of the people." With no introduction save their poems, they tapped at the door of the Quaker bard, a deed quite monstrous in the eyes of the staid disciples of society's stern rules and precepts, yet in truth perfectly natural, and to the poet most delightful. They were kindred souls; singers who, thousands of miles apart, had caught each other's strain of melody and answered with notes as pure and clear as the inspiring lay.

This visit ended, they returned to their home, but no longer could the old environments hold them. Thus in November of the same year we find Alice in New York struggling with the world, a pure, crystal wave in the great ocean of heartless humanity. Six months later Phœbe joined her, and thenceforth the sisters lived together, at first sharing poverty, sometimes not having enough to stay the hunger of their bodies. They did their own work, even to papering their room and painting the wood work of their humble quarters. Time moved on. They grew in fame as their characters unfolded in beauty. Around them gathered many of the chosen lives of that day and generation, eminent men and women whose names were the synonyms of truth, justice, and nobility.

Fortune also favored them, as year by year their little store increased despite the liberal contributions they were ever making to gladden the hearts and lighten the loads of the poor and the distressed.

Thus far Alice Cary has journeyed with us much of the time, as, owing to the intertwining of the lives and destinies

of these sisters, it was impossible to intelligently recount the steps or picture the life of Phœbe without numerous references to the leader and guardian angel to whom the younger sister ever looked. Now, however, bidding adieu to Alice, we come to notice Phœbe and her poems, and first we are attracted by the sunshiny side of her nature. It has been frequently asserted that Phœbe Cary was the wittiest woman in America. She would entertain a social gathering of friends for hours with the wealth of her intellectual brightness and the readiness of her wit. It was pure and natural as the waters that bubble forth from the mountain springs, and what was more it contained no sting. Most witty people are unpleasant because they shine at the expense of the feelings of some one else. This kind of wit was unknown to this sweet child of nature.

Mr. P. T. Barnum relates several happy

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PHŒBE CARY'S WIT,

among which the following are fair examples: "On one occasion," says Mr. Barnum, "when Phœbe was at the museum, I preceded her and had just passed down a couple of steps. She, intently watching an immense anaconda in a case at the top of the steps, walked off (not noticing them), and fell. I was just in time to catch her in my arms, and save her from a severe bruising. 'I am more lucky than the first woman was, who fell through the influence of a serpent,' said Phœbe, as she recovered herself." On one occasion Mr. Barnum announced to Phœbe that the skeleton man and the fat woman, then on

exhibition in his museum, were married. "I suppose they love through thick and thin," was her quick reply.

At another time Mr. Barnum had an engagement to escort Phœbe through the infernal regions in Wood's Museum, but on reaching their destination it was found that they were undergoing repairs, and consequently not on exhibition. "Never mind, Phœbe," said Mr. Barnum, "you will see the infernal regions in time." "No, in eternity," sprang like an electric spark from the lips of Miss Cary.

The following fragment of a parody published by that devoted friend of the Cary sisters, and their conscientious biographer, Mary Clemmer, in her most admirable life of the sisters, still further illustrates her power in this respect. It is taken from an envelope of unpublished poems of Phœbe Cary's, found after her death. On the envelope was the simple word FUN.

"How doth the busy little flea
Improve each awful jump,
And mark her progress as she goes
By many an itching bump."

It is related that on one occasion Phœbe entered one of the great stores of New York and requested the clerk to show her

SOME LADIES' CAPS.

The young man misunderstood her, as his question, "What is the age of the child?" clearly indicated,

"Forty," instantly exclaimed the poet, fixing her large, luminous eyes on the paralyzed youth with a quizzical expression peculiar to her when she was greatly amused, but did not wish to laugh outright.

AS A WOMAN,

Phoebe retained, as we have before observed, her child nature; sunshine and showers were the rule of her life. If disappointed in not receiving something she was expecting, or when prevented from accomplishing anything she had counted on performing, she often sought her room, had a good cry, and came out with red eyes, but as bright and cheery as ever.

She never deeply loved in early life. It was not until a comparatively short time before her death that she came near losing her heart. Numerous were her admirers and suitors, but when they urged their suits each and all were refused in a delicate and inoffensive manner, yet so firmly that none doubted her sincerity. She was a happy child and always wished to remain so. Alice was to her all in all; indeed, no soul ever clung closer to another than did Phoebe to Alice, from the days when motherless she turned to her sister for a mother's love, and found there the affection for which she yearned. There was something very beautiful in this pure, unfaltering child love. In speaking to a friend once, she said:

"It seems to me that a cord stretches from Alice's heart to mine; nothing can hurt her that does not hurt me." This love doubtless prevented Phoebe in early years

from seeking the affection of another. She was ever doing good in a hundred different ways and apparently entirely unconscious that she was brightening the pathways of others, throwing more sunshine into life, lessening the burdens or helping upward other beings. It was these sweet little deeds that fell from her, as the April showers fall on budding nature, that so endeared her to all that came within the sunny atmosphere of her presence. In a word, Phoebe Cary was a radiant spirit, who, while retaining her child nature through life, possessed also a broad, pure, noble soul, rendered luminous by the splendor of charity and good deeds. The poor, the aged, and the defenceless young never had a more loyal friend or defender than in Phoebe Cary.

Like Alice and some other members of her family, Phoebe seemed to possess the vision of a clairvoyant or what is sometimes known as "second sight." The little sisters, who died so early in life, appeared before the visions of the sisters many times, and Phoebe's belief on this point is clearly indicated in her assertion that "she knew that the loved dead returned just as she knew, thought, or saw anything else," maintaining that to her "it was no more wonderful that she could see with the soul than that she could discern objects with her eyeballs." To her the possession of this gift was a great comfort, as is voiced in her remarkably beautiful poem, entitled,

BORDER LAND.

I know you are always by my side,
And I know you love me, Winifred dear,

For I never called on you since you died,
But you answered tenderly, I am here.

So come from the misty shadows, where
You came last night, and the night before ;
Put back the vail of your golden hair,
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah ! it is you ; with that brow of truth,
Ever too pure for the least disguise :
With the same dear smile and the loving mouth,
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still ;
So do not vanish or turn aside ;
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,
Wait till my heart is pacified.

You have left the light of your higher place ;
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good,
You come with your old familiar face,
And not with the look of your angelhood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,
And your voice is gentle, and kind, and low ;
And the very roses you wear to-night
You wore in the summer long ago.

O world ! you tell me I dream or rave,
So long as my darling comes to prove
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,
And the loving live, and the living love !

HER RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS

were very pronounced. She was naturally of an exceedingly reverential nature. To her the life of Jesus was more than sublime — it was the inspiration of the ages ;

the hope of the world. Yet, reared as she was in the Universalist Church, she ever entertained the firm belief that, though every evil deed would bring its own severe punishment, ultimately all souls would be saved. This conception of the all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving God which she ever entertained was essential to waken in her soul profound reverence and love for the Creator.

Few American poets have written better or more beautiful religious poems than Phœbe Cary. Take, for instance, that pure gem which is now known well nigh all over the world, and which is sung in almost every church and home in the land :

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before !

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea :

Nearer that bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown !

But lying dimly between,
Winding down through the night,
Lies the dark and uncertain stream,
That leads us at length to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
 Come to the dread abysm ;
 Closer Death to my lips
 Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust !
 Strengthen my feeble faith !
 Let me feel as I shall when I stand
 On the shores of the river of death ;

Feel as I would were my feet,
 Even now, slipping over the brink,
 For it may be I am nearer home,
 Nearer now than I think !

There is a beautiful little story connected with this poem, which shows how great is often the influence that one unconsciously

WIELDS OVER THE DESTINIES OF OTHERS.

The story is substantially as follows : Mr. R. H. Conwell, then foreign correspondent for a Boston daily, on leaving for China, was intrusted with a package for a young man sent by friends in this country. Arriving at his destination, the correspondent found that he would most probably find the party he desired to meet in one of the gambling dens of the city. Accordingly he repaired to the place and awaited the young man's appearance. It was a den of death in its truest sense. The air was oppressive with the fumes of liquor and smoke, and freighted with the most revolting utterances and foulest profanity. Near the correspondent sat a young man and one about forty

years old, drinking, swearing, and playing cards. The young man had lost two games; the elder was now shuffling the cards. More brandy was ordered and drank. The elder player was unusually long in dealing. The young man glanced vacantly and wearily around the room, and then, seemingly unconsciously, began singing, "One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er." The correspondent started. A feeling of repulsion filled his mind — such pure and exalted words and thoughts being profaned by utterance in such a den, was highly revolting to his nature. The elder player had also been startled by the song, for he stopped dealing the cards, and finally threw them on the floor, exclaiming, "Harry, where did you learn that song?" "What song?" returned the other, as if striving to recollect what had happened. "Why, the one you have been singing," said his companion, while great tears stole down his hardened cheeks, as he repeated the words of "Nearer Home," which the young man had sung. "Ah!" said the singer, "I learned them in America in Sunday school." "Come," said the elder, arising from his seat, "here is the money I won from you to-night. Use it for some good purpose, and as for me," he continued, "as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business," and the two together left the evil den. "Ah!" you say, "that did not last long; the chances are ten to one that the next night they were there again."

You are incorrect, as the sequel shows. This interesting incident graphically detailed by Mr. Conwell, was freely copied all over the land. A friend sent it to Phoebe Cary, whose heart on reading it bounded with joy rarely felt. Finally, sometime afterward, it found its way into some California paper, and there was read by the elder of the two gamblers which the correspondent had described. This man wrote to Mr. Conwell as will be seen by the following letter written by him to the *New York Tribune* after the death of Phoebe Cary.

"Having noticed in the columns of the *Tribune* a biographical sketch of Phoebe Cary which contained an incident from my letters from China, I think the sequel to the story of the 'gamblers' may interest her many friends. The old man spoken of in the anecdote has returned to California and has become a hard-working Christian man; while Harry has renounced gambling and all its attendant vices. The anecdote having gone the rounds of the press, the old man read it, and finding its 'credit' wrote to me about it. Thus Phoebe Cary's poem, 'One sweetly solemn thought,' etc., has saved from ruin two who seldom or never entered a house of worship."

Within a few years of her death, Phoebe met one high in literary and philanthropic work, who drew her soul toward him as the sun draws upward the opening rose bud. This was perhaps the first time she had ever experienced a love that challenged or even bid fair to distance the affection she felt for Alice. Now she yearned for a home of her own and the companionship of the one who so singularly represented her ideal of a grand, loving man. Alice at that time was suffering greatly. The long

years of agony were now drawing to a close, though neither sister dreamed that the parting was at hand. She was already in the valley.

THE SUN WAS SETTING,

and at this moment she awakened to the fact that Phœbe was deeply in love and perchance would soon marry and leave her. The very thought appalled and almost terrified her. Since Phœbe was a little prattler in the old home in Ohio to that moment, their lives had been so completely interwoven, that though by nature Phœbe clung to Alice, the elder sister through her long illness had been waited on and watched over by Phœbe as a loving parent would watch over her dearest child. Thus confronted with this startling possibility, Alice on her bed of pain prayed for strength, "If the worse came to worst," [meaning Phœbe's marriage,] to bear up bravely without betraying to her sister the agony of her spirit at their separation.

At last the lover proposed to Phœbe, and all the promptings of her soul said yes, but she had also seen and felt that the contemplation of a separation had almost broken her sister's heart. And when she thought of her suffering sister, who had so loved and so tenderly watched over her every step, her lips pressed back the sob, her will commanded the rising tide of grief to recede, and she answered "*no*," though the answer wrung her inmost soul. Such was the natural yet simple heroism of her nature; the sacrifice was sublime.

At length came the fateful day when

ALICE WENT AWAY,

and in that hour the soul of Phœbe, so far as earth was concerned, suffered an eclipse; the light fled, day was no more, home was no longer home, — Alice had departed. Such were the feelings experienced by Phœbe as she confronted death over her sister's lifeless form. Nor did the days that heavily dragged themselves away lessen the load. True, in a material sense, Phœbe possessed much. All Alice's property went to her, and Alice's friends now clustered round her closer than ever before. She was in the prime of womanhood, famed, loved, and respected, yet from the bright flower of life for her the fragrance had vanished. She felt an unseen hand, or rather saw a form, that to others was unseen, beckoning her away, and she recognized that form to be her loved Alice. Shortly before her own departure she had remarked to a friend that "Alice, when she was here, always absorbed me, and she absorbs me still. I feel her constantly drawing me." Thus we find that Phœbe entered the shadow when Alice left her; from that very hour she began to fade away. At length she fell ill. Loving friends ministered to her. She was urged to go to Newport, with the hope that the sea air might restore her, but the change proved harmful. She gradually sank, until the night of July 31, 1871, when she seemed more nervous than usual. Perhaps her sensitive nature felt the presence of the messenger from the King. All the inmates of the cottage had retired save one who gently watched, chatted cheerfully, and waited on

the sufferer. The doctor came, left some medicine, and departed. The night had been remarkably calm, but a breeze suddenly arose and gently moaned around the eaves. Phœbe grew more nervous. The wind grew louder. Finally a wild, weird, mournful wail was heard, and at the same moment the pangs of death fastened on the sweet singer, who, with a piercing little cry followed by the words, "O God, have mercy on my soul!" sank into repose, while the spirit swept forth into the splendid realms of endless progress and undying love, there to be united with Alice and other loved ones who had passed before. Here let us pause. Such a life needs no monument to transmit its splendor to posterity. The life, words, and deeds of Phœbe Cary in their simple sublimity are among those pure and holy gifts of heaven which make men tenderer, women braver, and children nobler.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*Quaker laureate
of Christian New Eng.*

ON the 7th of December in 1808, in a little Quaker home at Haverhill, Mass., was born a boy destined to enrich the literature of the New World by the beauty of a pure, poetic imagination, seconded by a great, unquenchable love for humanity and a never-sleeping desire to elevate, purify, and ennoble the race. His early childhood was for the most part spent in hard work on the farm, and in the shoemaker's shop, though in the winter he enjoyed the meagre benefits of a district school; and doubtless around the early school days cluster many of our poet's sweetest memories. None who have ever enjoyed that delightful little gem, "In School Days," can fail to appreciate the vivid recollections that must frequently well up in the soul of its author. But not to the limited benefits of the district school, nor the year he subsequently spent at an academy, does Whittier owe his success. He received at home what so few children of the present day receive, either at the fireside or at school—a profound moral education, which developed love, toleration, reverence, justice, and in fact all those splendid organs of the coronal regions of the brain that tend to the loftiest spirituality.

In addition to this, he enjoyed the beauties and blessings of a country life, surrounded by nature in her splendor and

freedom, and daily imbibing that broad, grand culture that nature bestows on all that have eye, heart, and soul for her riches. I have often thought that much of that breadth of spirit, that hatred of persecution, and devotion to freedom and toleration, so conspicuous in Whittier's writings, is due to the free atmosphere he lived in. It is a melancholy fact, but a fact nevertheless, that the tendency of scholastic education, as it is represented to-day in most of our great institutions of learning, is to contract the mind, to rob it of that breadth of thought that can candidly grasp a subject and impartially view it in every light; that liberality of soul that breathes forth a spirit of toleration and charity towards all; that broad and true conception of justice that demands for every man the liberty one asks for self; and lastly that profound love of truth that dares look every issue in the face, that fears not to investigate any problem that may present itself, and that refuses to wrap itself in the wisdom and the folly of past ages, and close its eyes to the wonderland of new discoveries that lie before us. I say that our present system of education does, to a great extent, exert this pernicious, contracting influence, that breeds bigotry, intolerance, and a supercilious and arrogant spirit that sneers at anything new, or above a settled material atmosphere of thought which envelops our institutions of learning.

Our colleges live too much in the past. They are too dead for this day and generation. Ingersoll, I think it is, says that "colleges polish pebbles, but dim diamonds," and the idea is most painfully true. Do not understand that I

oppose education. On her brow rests the hope of the future; but I do plead for a broader, nobler, and more practical system that shall yield fruits worthy of the visions and aspirations of humanity's loftiest spirits.

Our present educational system merits censure in that it is narrow, weak, decrepit, and inadequate to cope with the evils of the age and hour; in that it addresses itself almost entirely to the intellect, ignoring moral culture and paying little heed to practical industrial training. Now Whittier escaped the hide-bound influence of the scholastic education of his day. Unlike Wendell Phillips, he never had to undergo that terrible ostracism that the latter experienced when he broke away from his exact, learned, and precise classmates, and allowed his great heart to throb in unison with the hearts of the oppressed, the poor, and the downtrodden.

He was spared the cruel contempt of that scholarly class that gloried in Greek and Latin, and counted themselves the *elite* of society, but heard not the cry of humanity that came from the depths of degradation, misery and woe. He was spared all this, for he moved in a humble and more sincere circle, and nature, in whose labyrinth he had learned so much, had stimulated that breadth and purity of thought that made it but natural to act as he acted and write as he wrote. At the old fireside during the long winter evenings, the poet, when yet a small boy, heard from the loved lips of his parents the thrilling tales of wrongs and persecution that, in former days, had been heaped upon the Quakers and others, by the bitter, narrow-

minded bigotry and hatred of one sect for another, and this doubtless suggested those inimitable poems that deal with these and kindred themes, showing by the magic of verse as potently as by the force of argumentative discourse the absolute wrong done toward any human being who is denied the inherent right that every one should possess of thinking and acting in accordance with the dictates of that monitor of our being we call conscience. This was a part of Whittier's moral education, revealing to him the hideousness of intolerance, bigotry, and persecution, and illustrating the great danger of encouraging anything that points toward a paternal government. Better than a Harvard diploma was this great lesson which our prophet bard in turn has taught unto thousands.

Of the details of his early life we know little, excepting what his own soul unconsciously relates in his beautiful poems. From these it would seem that the bare-footed boy had his whole being stirred more than once by the tender passion, although he has never married. Who can read "In School Days," without feeling that the poet is writing a heart story? Then again in the following stanzas from "My Playmate," we catch hints of a romance that at one time no doubt o'ershadowed his life, and perchance gave him more wakeful hours than the boy lover would confess even to his own heart.

MY PLAYMATE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
 Their song was soft and low ;

The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine ;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

She left us in the bloom of May ;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There, haply, with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

I see her face, I hear her voice.
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
 For other eyes than ours, —
 That other hands with nuts are filled
 And other laps with flowers?

Oh! playmate in the golden time,
 Our mossy seat is green,
 Its fringing violets blossom yet,
 The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
 A sweeter memory blow;
 And there in spring the veeries sing
 The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
 Are moaning like the sea, —
 The moaning of the sea of change
 Between myself and thee.

Here, too, in his "Memories," we find that same hint of pure passion awakened by some fair daughter of New England. But between this hazel-eyed beauty and the poet boy rose the insurmountable barriers of religious prejudice.

"MEMORIES."

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
 Of memory at the thought of thee.
 Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
 Old dreams come thronging back again,
 And boyhood lives again in me;
 I feel its glow upon my cheek,
 Its fullness of the heart is mine,
 As when I learned to hear thee speak
 Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
 I feel thy arm within my own,
 And timidly again uprise
 The fringed lids of hazel eyes,
 With soft brown tresses overblown.
 Ah ! memories of sweet summer eves,
 Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
 Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
 And smiles and tears more dear than they.

Years have passed on and left their trace
 Of graver care and deeper thought ;
 And unto me the calm, cold face
 Of manhood, and to thee the grace
 Of woman's pensive beauty brought.
 More wide, perchance, for blame than praise,
 The schoolboy's humble name has flown ;
 Thine in the green and quiet ways
 Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed,
 Diverge our pathways, one in youth.
 Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
 While answers to my spirit's need
 The Derby dalesman's simple truth.
 For thee, the priestly rite and prayer
 And holy day and solemn psalm ;
 For me, the silent reverence where
 My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
 An impress time has worn not out,
 And something of myself in thee,
 A shadow from the past I see,
 Lingering even yet thy way about ;

Not wholly can the heart unlearn
 That lesson of its better hours,
 Not yet hath time's dull footstep worn
 To common dust that path of flowers.

At the age of twenty, Whittier entered upon editorial duties in Boston. When he was twenty-eight, he was elected a member of the legislature of Massachusetts, and subsequently moved to Philadelphia, and became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, during which period his voice rang forth in clarion tones against slavery. His "Voices of Freedom" thrilled the northern States as a voice of a prophet poet of olden times. He was mobbed, and his very life at times was in peril, but supremely indifferent to all save the right and justice of the cause he felt to be the cause of humanity, he continued to launch his thunderbolts against what appeared to him the crowning curse of the age.

When the great Civil War was ended, and the shackles had fallen from every slave 'neath the shadow of the American flag, the prophet bard who had hurled forth such scathing denunciations became once more the sweet Quaker poet, describing as few have ever described the beauties of New England, her rivers, rocks, trees, and flowers, and her customs, legends, and traditions. Love, justice to all, e'en the meanest and lowliest, a lofty spirit of purity and uprightness, — these are cardinal features in Whittier's life, and are the lessons he has always sought to teach his fellowmen. The influence of such a life for good is immeasurable; eternity alone will reveal the splendid

harvest of such a one. For many years he lived at Amesbury, where he owns a comfortable, old-fashioned frame house, but for some time he has lived at "Oak Knoll," Danvers, Mass., and there he doubtless will remain till the shadow falls across his eyes and his lofty soul ascends into a broader, grander sphere. Beautiful indeed is the old age that crowns our poet, honored by the world, revered by the lowly and oppressed, loved by his nation, — such is a fitting eventide to a life so grandly spent. Ah! bare-footed boy, who wandered over the hills and vales round thy native home, revelling in the beauty and fragrance of our wild flora, charmed by the matchless music of the forest's feathered orchestra, awed by the sublimity of nature in her grander manifestations, thou child of pure and holy parents, had we more lives like thine, the curses of our day and generation would lose their power, and in the place of feverish hate, misery, poverty, drunkenness, debauchery, bigotry, intolerance, and woe, — peace, love, prosperity, purity, and nobility would open their blossoms on every side; earth would put on Eden-like beauty, and humanity with great strides would sweep onward and upward toward the sun-bathed plane of perfect civilization.)

THE SCIENTIST.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

The lives of some men remind one of lofty mountains, serene and sublime. The tempest plays around their peaks, the thunder bolts in fury dash their rugged sides; the lightning's lurid wrath is hurled upon them: they are invincible; grand in their strength and serenity. Unmoved they pursue their course. They are children of science; they seek the light; they care not for the prejudice of man, the intolerance of the masses, the opinion of the past. They are seekers after truth; for her they endure calumny, slander, misrepresentation, and social ostracism. They frequently die in poverty, are buried in obscurity; their maligners say they will be forgotten on the morrow. A generation passes and they are heroes, loved, honored, and revered. The truths they gave the world have become a portion of man's common heritage. They were children who gave their lives for the enfoldment and demonstration of a principle of which they had caught luminous glimpses

in lonely hours given to profound thought and patient investigation. A notable representative of this class of men is found in the person of Alfred Russel Wallace, England's great scientist, and unquestionably the greatest living naturalist. Dr. Wallace was born in Usk, in Monmouth, in January, 1822. From early boyhood he evinced a passion for everything relating to natural history, and though educated for an architect and surveyor, he turned to everything pertaining to animal life, as the child turns from his task to play. It became a consuming fire that illuminated his intellect and crowded out all taste for the labor for which he had been prepared, and in 1845 he cast aside all else and devoted his whole time and energy to this department of scientific research. In 1848, we find him under the burning sun exploring the Amazon and Negro rivers of Brazil, an adventure abounding in perils on every hand. The fever threatened him, he faltered not. Serpents, scorpions, vipers, and hundreds of other venomous creatures seemed omnipresent. The torrid rays from above beat upon his brow, still he toiled on.

Conviction that a great principle lay ready to be unfolded, that a new truth might be given to the world, poured iron into his will and fire into his heart.

DEATH CANNOT FRIGHTEN SUCH MEN FROM THE FIELD OF
TRUTH,

and so we find this lonely toiler spending four years among the tribes of Indians, haunting the banks of the rivers, collecting specimens of animal and vegetable life,

which he hoped would cast light on his studies and give new meaning to the thought that had been awakened in his soul. This rare collection was almost entirely lost at sea. In 1852 he returned to England and published his "Travels on the Amazon and Negro Rivers." This work was shortly followed by a valuable scientific acquisition to our literature, entitled, "Palm Trees of the Amazon and Their Uses." Not satisfied with the discoveries he had made, and with soul burning to learn more of life, he embarked for the Malay Archipelago, where he spent eight years of persistent and untiring toil—years of privation and danger. It was during this time that another great and serene man, goaded on by the same hints and filled with the same thirst for knowledge, was with similar perseverance in foreign lands pursuing the same line of investigation.

THIS GREAT MAN WAS CHARLES DARWIN;

but neither Wallace nor Darwin knew aught of the other's researches. In different parts of the globe they were working on the same problem, and what is still more remarkable, each arrived at the same conclusion at about the same time, for in 1858, while still in the Malay Archipelago, Mr. Wallace embodies the result of his investigation with his conclusion and deduction in a comprehensive essay on "Tendency of Varieties to depart from the Original Type." This paper was forwarded to Sir Charles Lyell, to be read before the Linnean Society in July, 1858. At the same meeting was read Mr. Darwin's paper on

"The Tendency of Species to form Varieties." This coincidence is one of the most remarkable in the history of scientific thought. Two great thinkers working in widely remote parts of the earth arrive simultaneously at the same conclusions ; write their conclusions and forward them to an annual meeting of a great scientific society, where they are again simultaneously given to the world. In invention these coincidences are frequent ; in scientific research they are not rare, but we know of no instance so striking as the above. But though Mr. Darwin and Dr. Wallace were a unit on the subject of "Natural Selection," they differed widely in regard to belief in immortality, Darwin being an agnostic, leaning toward atheism, while no man believes more profoundly in a future life than does Alfred Russel Wallace.

On his return from the Malay Archipelago in 1862, Mr. Wallace brought with him more than eight thousand birds, and above one hundred thousand etymological specimens. Immediately on reaching England, he set to work classifying and arranging this enormous collection ; a work which required several years.

In 1869 he published his great work in two volumes, entitled, "Malay Archipelago," and in 1870 another able scientific work entitled "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection." His "Geographical Distribution of Animals," is one really great contribution to the scientific literature of this century. These are but a partial list of the profound works of this tireless student and careful investigator.

We referred above to his belief in a future life ; something noteworthy in so great a scientist in this age when materialism seems to have almost captured the disciples of physical or natural science. On this point, as on all others, Dr. Wallace has the courage of his conviction ; he is outspoken in his belief of another life. In the course of an exceedingly able and logical address on the subject,

IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN ?

delivered by Dr. Wallace in San Francisco during his visit to this country in 1887, he thus refers to the direful results that would befall the race should materialism become universally accepted by mankind :—

“ If all men without exception ever come to believe that there is no life beyond this life, if children are all brought up to believe that the only happiness they can ever enjoy will be upon this earth, then it seems to me that the condition of man would be altogether hopeless, because there would cease to be any adequate motive for justice, for truth, for unselfishness, and no sufficient reason could be given to the poor man, to the bad man, or to the selfish man, why he should not systematically seek his own personal welfare at the cost of others.

“ The well-being of the race in the distant future, set before us by some philosophers, would not certainly influence the majority of men, more especially as the universal teaching of science is, that the entire race, with the world it inhabits, must sooner or later come to an end. ‘ The greatest good to the greatest number,’ that noble ideal of

many philosophers, would never be admitted as a motive for action by those who are seeking their own personal welfare. The scoffing question, 'What has posterity done for us?' which influences many men even now, would then be thought to justify universal self seeking, utterly regardless of what might happen to those who come afterwards. Even now, notwithstanding the hereditary influences, the religious belief and religious training in which our characters have been molded, selfishness is far too prevalent. When these influences cease altogether, when under total incredulity and with no influences whatever leading men to self development as a means of permanent happiness, the inevitable result will be that might alone would constitute right, that the weakest would always and inevitably go to the wall, and that the unbridled passions of the strongest and most selfish men would dominate the world. Such a hell upon earth as would thus be brought about will happily never exist, because it would be founded upon a falsehood, and because there are causes now at work which forbid the disbelief in man's spiritual nature and his continued existence after death."

Again in Dr. Wallace's great work entitled "Darwinism," after setting forth the great system of evolution as believed and expounded by Darwin, in a manner at once clear, concise, and entertaining, the author comes to the front in an able defense of man as a spiritual being; reasoning as a scientist arguing with scientists, who, though accepting the doctrine of evolution, hold material-

istic views. In concluding his argument Mr. Wallace uses the following striking language :

“Those who admit my interpretation of the evidence now adduced — strictly scientific evidence in its appeal to facts which are clearly what ought not to be on the materialistic theory, — will be able to accept the spiritual nature of man, as not in any way inconsistent with the theory of evolution, but as dependent on those fundamental laws and causes which furnish the very materials for evolution to work with. They will also be relieved from the crushing, mental burden imposed upon those who, — maintaining that we, in common with the rest of nature, are but products of the blind eternal forces of the universe, and believing also that the time must come when the sun will lose its heat and all life on the earth necessarily cease — have to contemplate a not very distant future in which all this glorious earth — which for untold millions of years has been slowly developing forms of life and beauty to culminate at last in man — shall be as if it had never existed : who are compelled to suppose that all the slow growths of our race struggling towards a higher life, all the agony of martyrs, all the groans of victims, all the evil, and misery, and undeserved suffering of the ages, all the struggles for freedom, all the efforts towards justice,

ALL THE ASPIRATIONS FOR VIRTUE, AND THE WELL-BEING OF HUMANITY SHALL ABSOLUTELY VANISH,

and, ‘like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.’ ”

As contrasted with this hopeless and soul-deadening belief, we, who accept the existence of a spiritual world, can look upon the universe as a grand consistent whole adapted in all its parts to the development of spiritual beings capable of indefinite life and perfectibility. To us, the whole purpose, the only *raison d'être* of the world — with all its complexities of physical structure, with its grand geological progress, the slow evolution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the ultimate appearance of man — was the development of the human spirit in association with the human body. From the fact that the spirit of man, the man himself, — is so developed, we may well believe that this is the only, or at least the best way for its development; and we may even see in what is usually termed “evil” on the earth, one of the most efficient means of its growth. For

WE KNOW THAT THE NOBLEST FACULTIES OF MEN ARE
STRENGTHENED AND PERFECTED BY STRUGGLE
AND EFFORT;

it is by unceasing warfare against physical evils and in the midst of difficulty and danger that energy, courage, self-reliance, and industry have become the common qualities of the northern races; it is by the battle with moral evil in all its hydra-headed forms, that the still nobler qualities of justice, and mercy, and humanity, and self-sacrifice have been steadily increasing in the world. Beings thus trained and strengthened by their surroundings, and possessing latent faculties capable of such noble development, are

surely destined for a higher and more permanent existence ;
and we may confidently believe, with our greatest living
poet —

That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.

We thus find that the Darwinian theory, even when carried out to its extreme logical conclusion, not only does not oppose, but lends a decided support to a belief in the spiritual nature of man. It shows us how man's body may have been developed from that of a lower animal form under the law of natural selection : but it also teaches us that we possess intellectual and moral faculties which could not have been so developed, but must have had another origin ; and for this origin we can only find an adequate cause in the unseen universe of Spirit."

Such is the profound conviction of one of the foremost living naturalists of the world, a man whose whole life has been given to the investigation, demonstration, and elucidation of truths on a strictly scientific basis.

The snow of age has fallen on the brow of this seeker after truth ; but age in this instance witnesses no diminution in the wonderful intellectual power of the man. Like Victor Hugo, his mind seems to gain strength, his intellect grow brighter, his soul more luminous, as he nears the gates of the other world.

THE MANY-SIDED GENIUS

VICTOR HUGO.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD AND LOVE.

“ This century two years had rolled along,
When in Besançon, citadelled and strong,
A little babe was born, the heir of pain,
A scion both of Brètagne and Lorraine;
A little babe so fragile and so weak
It seemed to come to life its death to seek;
So delicate, its like 'twere rare to find,
A tiny seed blown helpless by the wind;
A mere chimera — yea, a thing of naught —
To rear it might exceed a mother's thought;
Asleep, its head bent down upon its breast,
It looked to take upon its bier its rest.
That little babe myself! and ah! how well
I might the story of my progress tell!
How, all responsive to my mother's prayer,
How, all succeeding to my mother's care,
I gained new life, found day by day new power,
And through her love survive to see this hour.

A guardian dear, a very angel she
To all her sons, but most of all to me."

— *Victor Hugo.*

A LIFE intimately associated with thrilling historic events, rich in spirited action and romantic incidents, transcends the prosaic details of common experience and becomes as strong and powerful in its fascination as does romance itself. When in addition to this the individual in question has contributed largely to the wealth and splendor of the world's thought; when at all times and in all places his influence has been felt on the side of liberty as opposed to tyranny, education as opposed to ignorance, mercy as opposed to unjust customs, laws, and usages; when his voice in clarion tongue has ever boldly contended for the rights of the toiling, struggling, suffering masses; when his brain has never been known to weary in its ceaseless labors for the amelioration and elevation of the multitudinous army of earth's poor and unfortunate, whose livelong existence is a fierce struggle with poverty. In a word, a life that sacrifices the wealth of heart, hand, and brain on the altar of common humanity, ever striving to touch the soul of the rich and the happy by singing in matchless words the songs of the poor; such an existence has for us something more than interest—it educates the mind while charming the imagination; it fills the heart with pity, compassion, and sympathy for the weak in their unequal conflict against an iron-hearted world, while it illuminates the brain, giving us a broader conception of liberty, a loftier vision of duty, a grander appreciation of life. It is a pure flame,

lighting us into a nobler existence ; an inspiration that speaks to the God-nature that dwells in the soul of man, and is the well-spring of every brave, unselfish deed. Such in a very high degree was the life of whom we write. Where was he born ? He himself shall tell you.

“This century of ours was two years old, the Sparta of the Republic was giving place to the Rome of the empire, and Bonaparte, the first consul, was developing into Napoleon the Emperor, when at Besançon, there came into the world a child in whose being flowed the mingled blood of Brètagne and Lorraine, who was colorless, sightless, voiceless,—and so poor a weakling that all despaired of him except his mother. That child whose name life seemed to be erasing from its book, and whose short day of existence seemed destined to pass into night with never a morrow—that child am I.” So wrote Victor Hugo. And there is something startling in the thought that on so slender a cord hung a life destined to bless not only France, but Europe ; not Europe alone, but the world ; not only in his own age, but for all time, nay, may we not say for all eternity ? for he who sweetens life, brightens earth, and uplifts mankind, works for eternity. In that little frail lump of humanity, held to earth by a mother’s will and a mother’s loving devotion, nestled the germ of a splendid brain, that should one day hurl into the ocean of human thought great ideas and luminous truths, whose eddying circles should grow broader and more far-reaching as the years vanished and as reflected from other lives illumined by their splendor.

Victor Hugo was born when the shock of the Revolution had given place to the ascendancy of Napoleon ; when the music of France was still the pandemonium of war ; when all the nations of startled Europe, crouching like so many wild beasts, were preparing for the oncoming foe. His father was a soldier of the empire ; an officer who had long since evinced great courage and sagacity.

A few weeks after the birth of Victor, General Hugo was summoned to Marseilles and from thence to Corsica and Elba. Madame Hugo, in the wealth and enthusiasm of her young love, refused to leave her husband's side while so great the peril that hung over his life, so, in the troubled and uncertain wake of the soldier father, we find the child borne onward. In this martial atmosphere the babe caught the inspirations of his earliest years.

WAR IN HIS AUSTERE MANTLE,

the bugle's note, the drum's deep roll, the clash of arms the shock of battle, vivid pictures of tragic scenes, thrilling narrations of soldier life, — in a word, an atmosphere quivering with excitement, charged and surcharged with uneasy expectancy, surrounded and canopied this infant's cradle.

How much the influence around him at this early date impressed his sensitive nature, none can know. Certain it is, it was calculated to awaken powerful emotions, a vivid imagination, poetic fire, and a combative spirit, if the mind in its plastic state was sufficiently awake to receive, and even in a measure retain, an impression of the influ-

ences playing around it. Of this we cannot definitely speak. Yet it is an undisputed fact that few men in the nineteenth century have possessed, in so eminent a degree, an almost fathomless emotional nature ; an imagination startling in its flight, at once daring and sublime ; a poetic fervor, high, holy, consuming ; a flame of love, ever seeking to warm and brighten the homes of poverty, want, and woe. And still further we note in him a warrior's nature. True, his great love and reverence for human life made him shrink from the battlefield, but in the arena of intellect he was pre-eminently a warrior, in literature, in state, in philosophy ; he was ever at the head of the forces of progress ; always in the hot of the fight, at one time leading the battalions of Romanticism, or the hosts who sought to protect originality of thought and plead for liberty in literature. Again we find him in state, staking his life for the Republic, and not until the die is cast, and the Republic suffers an eclipse, do we find him leaving Paris. Not until his name had been placed on the proscribed list, and ten thousand minions of Napoleon III. are searching night and day for the head upon which rested a golden price, do we see him flying to Belgium, where again his powerful voice and merciless pen assail the great conspiracy of tyranny, and plead for liberty and free speech.

Driven from Belgium, he flies to Jersey, and thence to Guernsey : yet at every point he hurls back the thunderbolt of living and progressive thought, which makes thrones tremble and monarchical powers grow strangely uneasy. And when at last he returns to his loved Paris, not as a

veteran who wearily lays aside his weapons, but as a youth on the battlefield of the right, he boldly steps forth in the conflict of the people, championing the cause of liberty and sublimely contending for the rights of the wronged. Even his great works of fiction are stories of combat — continual warfare. For instance, "The Toilers of the Sea" portrays man's battle with the elements; "The Bell-ringers of Notre Dame," man's conflict with superstition; "Les Miserables," a powerful picture of man's conflict with unjust laws — always championing a cause, at all times combating the wrong — an intellectual commander, a warrior in the realm of thought; such, in the strictest sense, was Victor Hugo.

It is at once interesting and instructive to study the law of heredity, and find how much of good and evil the child has probably inherited from his parents. None the less useful in the investigation of his early surroundings — the atmosphere of infancy, for from this we may frequently (especially if the child is highly sensitive) find the key that explains, to a large degree, the unfolded life of subsequent years. And when this subject, as well as the great law of heredity, is better understood and more carefully studied, we will have a far higher civilization, a nobler manhood, and a more perfect womanhood.

WE LEFT VICTOR HUGO IN THE LAP OF WAR,

cradled 'neath the ever-moving tents, and more than once being literally wrapped in the flag of his nation. But this period came to an end in 1805, when we find Madame

Hugo, for her children's sake, yielding to her husband's wishes, and setting forth for Paris. General Hugo had been summoned to Italy to serve the Emperor's brother, Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Naples. Knowing full well the courage and ability of General Hugo, King Joseph desired him to undertake a perilous expedition against Fra Diavolo, the most daring and dangerous outlaw of the day. A man whose name was a terror to the new king, his court, and his soldiers; seeming to bear a charmed life, Fra Diavolo defied the foreigners, and continued his depredations unscathed. To overcome this powerful foe, so well acquainted with every foot of land, and so acute in intellect and fruitful in resources, was a task that called forth great ability and dauntless courage. General Hugo was selected as the chosen spirit to head the enterprise. Italy, hating the invader, with murder in her heart and the stiletto in her hand, was at that time no safe place for mother and children; besides, the little ones should be at school. Thus it came to pass that in 1805 we find the little family comfortably ensconced in a humble home in Paris, Madam Hugo bending every energy to enrich, broaden, and illuminate the intellect of her boys. While in the very midst of this life in pursuit of knowledge, a message comes from Italy—General Hugo has hunted down the outlaw; the most powerful menace to the throne of Joseph Bonaparte has been removed. The king, in recognition of his servant's great service, has appointed him Governor of Avellino. His headquarters will be in a marble palace on a picturesque

precipice, surrounded with trailing vines, luscious fruits, nut-bearing trees, and a wealth of flowers. Soft and fragrant was the air in this land of love and song. Hence the General wished the mother and his little ones to join him at as early a day as possible.

Victor Hugo was five years old when he awakened from the peaceful quiet of his humble home in Paris, to find himself rolling along in a diligence toward his destination in sunny Italy, and though so young, he never forgot the pictures of the country, the incidents of the journey, or the impressions made on his brain. It was at this time that his great thoughtful eyes for the first time beheld the lifeless forms of man on the gibbet — no infrequent scene in Italy in those days, but to the child the picture was one of unparalleled horror. The thought of taking human life impressed his young mind so indelibly that the picture never left the mental vision. At a later day he became one of the most indefatigable and brilliant champions and defenders of

THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

At length the journey was ended, and in this palace of beauty, this garden of fruit and flowers, Victor Hugo found himself. Perfumes rare and exotic floated on the air. The rich, varied beauty of the southern flora charmed the eye. The anthem of nature appealed to the ear. It was to the imaginative and poetic boy a veritable paradise, in which he dreamed, and laughed, and played as though there could be no dark to-morrow. Such bliss on earth is ever transient.

Scarcely had a year flitted away before the kaleidoscope changed. Napoleon, having subdued Spain, appointed his brother Joseph the king of the newly conquered State; hence "to Madrid" was the watchword. General Hugo was required to support the new administration in its exceedingly delicate and dangerous sphere of action. The Spaniards were crushed but their proud spirits were not broken. They hated their new masters as the Thracians hated the Roman conquerors. They plotted and counter-plotted. Assassination stalked through the streets. The very air was charged with murder. Again it seemed plain to the father that it was no place at that hour for a French lady and small children. Consequently we again find Madame Hugo in Paris, and this time she secures a most picturesque home. Almost surrounded by a wild neglected park, at one end of the enclosure stood the ruins of a chapel, at the other the new home of Madame Hugo, which before the Revolution was known as the Convent of the Feuillantines. Of the weird and, to childhood's mind, most charming nature of the spacious but neglected grounds belonging to this home, we gain an idea from the following descriptive lines by the poet in after years.

"Large was the garden, weird its pathways all,
 From curious eyes concealed by upreared wall,
 The flowers like opening eyelids peered around,
 Vermillion insects paced the stony ground;
 Mysterious buzzing filled the sultry air,
 Here a mere field, a sombre thicket there."

Into this home occasionally with her mother came a

lovely, brown-haired little girl; timid yet frank; beautiful in her childish innocence and devotion. For this little girl the future poet and statesman soon entertained a strong and consuming love. She filled his thoughts by day; her image floated in his mind by night. He hailed with joy the days when Madam Foucher visited his mother because with her came her beautiful child Adèle. In after years, in one of the most vivid of all his marvellously realistic word pictures, he lives again the old life of childhood and of love

IN THE GARDEN OF THE FEUILLANTINES,

as will be seen in the following graphic summary of his reminiscences, as given by M. Barbor, one of the poet's friends and biographers.

"He sees her in all her charms, — just fourteen years of age, — with large lustrous eyes and luxuriant hair, with rich olive velvet skin and crimson lips. He recounts how they wandered, talking softly, along the shady walks. He tells how he had picked up the handkerchief she had dropped, and felt the tremor and thrill of her soft little hand as it touched his own. He calls to mind their talks about the birds, the stars, and the golden sunset. Sometimes they discussed her schoolfellows, her dresses, and her ribbons. They blushed together over the most innocent of thoughts."

The picture is at once beautiful and natural. How many an American can recall a glorious dream not materially unlike the above. It was to this bright vision

of opening womanhood that sometime later the poet addressed the following most exquisite poetic gem.

Thy trembling arm I pressed
Fondly : our thoughts confessed
Love conquest tender,
God filled the vast sweet Night,
Love filled our hearts ; — the light
Of stars made splendor.

Even as we walked and dreamed
'Twixt Earth and Heaven it seemed
Our souls were speaking.
The stars looked on thy face ;
Thine eyes through violet space
The stars were seeking.

And from the astral height
Feeling the sweet soft light
Thrill to thy soul,
Thou saidst : — " O God of bliss !
Lord God of the blue abyss,
Thou mad'st the whole."

And the stars were whispering low
To the God of Space : — " We know
Lord God of Eternity !
Dear God, all love is Thine : —
Even by love's light we shine :
Thou madest beauty !"

The child, however, in the midst of his dream of felicity, was soon to be ruthlessly awakened. The old adage about the course of true love was to find a fresh

verification in Victor's courtship, for while he was still quite a young, but none the less a devoted lover, the parents of both children perceived the mutual fascination, and agreed that it was best, at least for a time, to sever all intercourse between the families, and this resolve was religiously carried out. At first the youth complains most bitterly ; afterward he grows philosophical, and that makes him more patient ; true, for him day has turned into night, yet in the night he sees a star which speaks of a coming morrow. He determines to sustain his bereavement with the courage inspired by hope, to be brave and manly until fate smiles and all is bright.

Here let us leave the lovers, while we view

A PICTURE NONE THE LESS STRIKING.

One day at the door of Madame Hugo stood a man. He knocked and was admitted. One acquainted with the times would have said at once a soldier — nay, more, a man born to command, whose fortune is now suffering an eclipse ; an outlaw, who is fleeing from the argus eye of the police ; and such indeed was the visitor who was most hospitably received by Madame Hugo and granted a refuge in the chapel in the garden. This man was General Lahorie, Victor's godfather, formerly a brother-in-arms of General Hugo, but now, on account of his connection with the conspiracy of Moreau to overthrow Napoleon, he is proscribed and a price set on his head.

Madame Hugo alone knew who the stranger was ; the children were strictly enjoined to say nothing of his

presence; they simply called him the General. He roomed in the ruined chapel, and during the daytime Victor used to seek him in his lonely retreat. A warm affection grew up between this man, whose every breath was weighed down by fear, and the boy, whose heart bounded to the throbbings of hope. Hugo thus refers to the quarters, and the intimacy that existed between them.

"Continuing to occupy the ruins at the end of the garden, he bivouacked there regardless of the rain and snow that in winter was driven through the paneless window frames. His camp bed was under the shelter of the altar, and in a corner were his pistols and a Tacitus which he loved to explain to me. 'Child,' he would say to me, while expatiating on the Roman Republic, '*everything must yield to liberty.*'"

And these words spoken to the boy from one already in the shadow, and rapidly approaching a tragic death, were graven on his memory so indelibly that in after years they became the inspiration of his life, the thought above all other thoughts that consumed his soul, making him glorious in his own day and generation, and a star that will ever shed its luminous splendor on humanity from the night of the past. One day, while in this secluded retreat, General Lahorie was apprehended, thrown into prison, and subsequently shot. His death made a profound impression on the youth, an impression that followed him through life, making him impressively eloquent as he discoursed on the sacred nature of human life and plead

for the condemned, making him terrible beyond words as he denounced tyranny and despotic deeds.

Shortly after the apprehension of General Lahorie and before his conviction, General Hugo was requested by King Joseph, in such a manner as to render it dangerous to decline, to bring Madame Hugo and her family to Madrid. This he reluctantly did. The journey was perilous in the extreme. The sojourn was aught but pleasant, for the Spanish, who, as we have already seen, hated the French with unutterable hatred, did all in their power to render it unpleasant for all attached to the unstable court of their newly-made king. In 1812, owing to the disastrous outcome of the Russian invasion, the power of Napoleon was so materially weakened that every throne he had established began to totter, and General Hugo, alarmed at the serious aspect of matters in Spain, prevailed on the king to allow his wife and children to return to Paris. Once more for a short time they were installed in the old home, surrounded by its garden of wild and neglected vegetation, and guarded by the old chapel that was slowly crumbling away, as were the old ideas that had so long dominated o'er France. A little more than two years later, Victor entered school. Here he became a leader of one faction, while his brother headed the other body. One was known as the dogs and one the calves. Victor was king of the dogs, and from his own account he was something of a little tyrant. The factions were frequently at war, amusing themselves during temporary cessation of hostilities by youthful dramatic spectacles.

IN 1818, VICTOR LEFT SCHOOL FOREVER.

Outside of a little tutorage in Spain, and that imparted by an old priest when he dwelt in Feuillantines, he had no other regular schooling ; it will be observed how meagre was his scholastic education. It is a sad fact, but nevertheless a fact not to be overlooked, that the moulders of thoughts, the movers of worlds, the men who have given the race any great impetus, or who have been torch-bearers of great reforms, have largely come from the ranks of those whose scholastic tutorage has been meagre. We note this not to discourage collegiate education, but to point out a lesson that is of vital importance. Our college systems are narrow and conservative. Breadth of thought and originality of ideas are not encouraged as they should be. A radical revolution in this respect is imperatively demanded that this great mistake may be rectified and the colleges become the cradle of originality — the home of great thoughts, the breeder of moral and intellectual giants, the mother of great reforms ; but until this is accomplished, it will remain a question in many minds whether colleges stimulate or dwarf genius.

At this period Chateaubriand was the poet of the hour. His brilliant brain charmed the youth of France. Victor became infected. He wrote in his copy book, "*I will be a Chateaubriand or nothing.*" This was when he was but fourteen years old. A year later, 1817, he received honorable mention from the Academy of France, an honor which at once brought him prominently before the literary element of Parisian society, and was an immense aid to

his advancement, as the Academy at that time ruled in literature as absolutely as a few years earlier the church had ruled in religion.

A few years later a great literary revolution was destined to throw all Paris into a wild commotion. The academy with its conservatism was to be found behind the "classics" or the sticklers for the dead past, while Victor Hugo, the chosen leader of Romanticism, was to lead the forces who contended so bravely and successfully for *liberty in literature and originality in thought*. That hour had not yet arrived, and it was well for the poor boy, struggling for fame and position, that the academy was too much wrapped up in its hero worship and veneration for antique thought and thinkers to discern in his writings the seeds of daring originality.

General Hugo, when informed that his son had firmly resolved to follow literature as a profession, was greatly displeased, and forthwith declared that unless he at once relinquished his purpose he would cut off his allowance. Victor loved literature better than gold. He could be supremely happy while hungry, if the dream of his life was unfolding majestically before his vision. He might be rich, but if surrounded by environments of an uncongenial nature be also unutterably miserable. He realized the truth that the heart must be in any life work that is to be of permanent worth to humanity. He was too great to be bought by a vision of ease.

HE SPURNED THE TEMPTATION,

while his father took care to fulfil his threat to the letter.

When seventeen years old he and his brother Eugene, a brilliant youth, who early died after having lost his reason, started the "*Conservateur Litteraire*," a critical journal, which lived two years, during which time Victor Hugo wrote about two-thirds of its contents and attracted general attention by the brilliancy and force of his style, no less than the wealth of his imagination and the breadth of his thought. In June, 1821, night settled around the young poet; a blow fell that almost crushed out of his soul the splendor of hope that had thus far led him steadfastly along the pathway toward a glorious and illustrious manhood. This great calamity was the

DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.

Never were two hearts more closely intertwined in breast of parent and child than those of Madame Hugo and Victor. When at birth, death marked him, she had driven back the intruder and boldly declared that he should not die. When, through his early years, his delicate health caused most people to assume that he was still fated to pass into the shadow before his life had expanded, it only made his mother more watchful, more thoughtful, more attentive. She ever felt that he was born to bless the world, and few parents have ever taken greater pains to develop and cultivate the child's mind and soul than this devoted mother. On the other hand, the child possessed a highly sensitive nature, intensely affectionate and appreciative. His was a nature that required love as much as the flowers require sunshine; without it his life

could never have been properly developed, nor the wealth of his great mind and heart been made to yield their treasures. Love was the inspiration of his being, as it is and ever must be the fulcrum that lifts the individual as well as the world upward. In his mother he found the answer to the prayer of his child nature. He loved and clung to her, knowing that all his affection was bountifully returned in the richness of his mother's devotion. Now she was dead; the voice no longer answered his pleading. In agony he kissed the chilled face; the sweet smile of other days came not. The tears fell as rain over the face, but the sleeper made no response. She was dead—he alone. His agony was insupportable; he ate not; he could neither think, write, nor work. All light had vanished. The darkness of despair settled around him. On the day he buried his mother he returned to his old home, but could not remain there; it was so terrible in its silence, so ghastly in its emptiness, that after a wild burst of agony he hastened forth into the evening air—this boy of nineteen years—and sought the cemetery where his mother's body had been interred. It was after this great blow fell that he wrote a friend, "Here am I alone, with a whole long life to live through, unless,"—and the pen passes over the succeeding space, making a line the blankness of which

SUGGESTS DEATH BY SUICIDE

so strongly that some have thought this to have been the thought in his mind at that moment, but which his hand

had not the courage to write. We are not of this opinion, for while he had lost his mother, even in the darkest moment a glorious star had risen. It happened this way. When Victor, on the evening of his mother's death, had wildly rushed forth to the cemetery and vainly sought to scale the walls that he might kneel above the new-made grave; when tears no longer came to the relief of nature, for grief had seared them at their fountain-head; when his voice uttered only such moans as do sometimes men and animals when undergoing an anguish beyond the power of speech, then a vision rose before his mind. He thought of one who alone could appreciate his agony and soothe his aching heart. That one of course was the beautiful little Adèle, whose luminous eyes had early wrought o'er Victor a magic spell.

Thence he repaired, not daring or intending to intrude into the precinct of her home, but inspired by the hope that he might gain a glimpse of the bright and beautiful face that almost from infancy had haunted his mind. Arriving opposite the house he perceived through the casement Adèle dancing in the midst of a merry circle of friends. The picture startled him. Had she forgotten her lover—did she mock his anguish—cared she no more for his mother's memory than this? The very thought brought forth a groan so piteous that it seemed his heart had broken. He turned once more toward his desolate home; but love triumphed over doubt—he said to himself, "She cannot have heard of my great woe; it is her birthday and she cannot know that mother has left me

alone." Suspense, terrible to any nature, is doubly terrible to a person so finely strung, so sensitive and imaginative as Victor Hugo. He found it now insupportable, and determined to go on the morrow and learn the truth. He would find out if the girl he believed to be all that woman should be, was still as devoted to him as in other days. This he did. Adèle had been kept in ignorance of Madame Hugo's death, as her parents did not wish to destroy the pleasure of her birthday. She greeted Victor with all the warmth which mingled love and sympathy begets. She told him how she loved him; how life was no longer the life of other days because she saw him no more; how until death she could love no other, and then together, hand in hand, the youthful lovers went to her parents with their confession. They did not ask to marry until Victor's income should grow sufficiently to support both comfortably, but when that day did come they desired the assurance that no hindrances should be cast in their way. To this the parents acceded, for Victor's genius had already made a most favorable impression on M. Foucher, and doubtless he remembered

A STRANGE AND REMARKABLE TOAST

made by the young poet's father at his wedding banquet. The circumstances were as follows: Pierre Foucher and General Hugo were fast friends at the time of the marriage of the former. The General, who was then but a major, acted as "best man," and at the wedding banquet gave this toast: "May you have a daughter and I a son,

and we will arrange a marriage between them. I drink to their joint health and prosperity." What strange chance wafted those prophetic words into the young officer's mouth, which a generation later should be fulfilled to the letter. After the parents' consent, Victor, stimulated anew, commenced the prosecution of his literary studies with a degree of enthusiasm and energy that only comes when the torch of love is present. Times were very hard with him, at least from a monetary standpoint. He rented an upper room with a cousin, and together they worked and almost starved, each seeking to save a little money that they might bask in the sunshine of a bright to-morrow. Of this period of the poet's life we have a vivid picture in his greatest work of fiction, "*Les Miserables*." "*Marius*" is largely autobiographic, and the following extract is simply a narration of Victor's personal experience during the months when he loved, yet for want of means could not marry, when he hoarded up every sou as a miser, because each one was one day to assist in bringing him happiness. In speaking of *Marius*, or in other words in picturing himself at this exact period, Victor writes :

"To devour his clothes and his watch, that was nothing. He knew days without bread, evenings without a candle, an attic without fire, weeks without work, a future without hope, a coat out at the elbows, an old hat that made the young girls laugh, a door found closed at nightfall because the rent was not paid, the insolence of porter and housekeeper, the sneers of the neighbors, humiliations, repulsed dignity, disgust, bitterness, heaviness. He learned how one devours all these, and that these are often the only things one has to devour. At that moment of existence when man needs pride because he has

need of love, he felt himself derided on account of his shabby clothes, and ridiculed because he was poor. At the age when youth swells the heart with an imperial pride, he would now and then cast down his eyes upon his tattered boots and experience the unjust shame and poignant anguish of poverty. Admirable and terrible trial out of which the weak come forth infamous, and the brave sublime! Crucible, into which Destiny throws a man when she would have a scoundrel or a demi-god!"

And again he tells us that

"Sometimes there might be seen gliding into the butcher's shop at the corner, in the midst of the jeering cooks who elbowed him, an awkward young man with books under his arm. His air is timid and desperate. On entering, he draws the cap from his perspiring forehead, makes one low bow to the astonished butcher, another to the butcher's boy, asks for a mutton chop, pays six or seven sous for it, wraps it in paper, places it under his arm between two books and goes on his way. He cooks the chop himself, and lives on it three days; the first day he eats the meat, the second day the fat, the third day he gnaws the bone."

Incessant work and the utmost frugality marked the days of waiting. His "Odes and Ballads," published about this time, touched the public heart and sold rapidly. The first edition brought the author seven hundred francs. A new edition was demanded. The horizon grew brighter. Fortune seemed to have at last claimed the child of genius. The king examined the odes and was pleased with them. He granted the young author a pension of one thousand francs from his private purse. This was the one thing needed to make the struggling youth supremely happy, as

he now could wed the lady who was never absent from his thoughts.

The Fouchers were agreeable to the marriage, but time had proved unkind to them. Poverty was present in the little home. They were not able to purchase their daughter's wedding trousseau. Victor, not to be daunted, came forward with the seven hundred francs he had received from the first edition of "Odes and Ballads;" this purchased the trousseau. Adèle's wedding dress was a white French cashmere. They were married in October, 1822. Poor in purse, but rich in a love that since early childhood had drawn them together with irresistible power, they turned their faces toward the great world. A long life lay before them—two children supremely happy. Perhaps it was well that the future was veiled; well that they dreamed not of the coming storm, destined to play so fiercely around the poet's brow, nor saw the angry shafts of hate and jealousy, nor heard the deep, wild roar of the rage and tyranny that were to expend their forces so fiercely on the champion of liberty in literature—the lover of the people, the defender of the French Republic, the prophet of the new dispensation. For if the future, freighted with the atmosphere of conflict, the agony of suspense and exile from France, had opened before the young lovers, this bliss would have been shadowed with anxiety and unrest. The glorious sunrise would have suffered a partial eclipse.

VICTOR HUGO.

CHAPTER II.

IN EARLY MANHOOD.

LIBERALISM IN LITERATURE — A CONFLICT OF GIANTS —
VICTOR HUGO THE ACCEPTED LEADER OF THE
ROMANTIC SCHOOL — THE MEMORABLE FIRST NIGHT OF
HERNANI — THE TRIUMPH OF THE NEW OVER THE OLD.

THE year 1826 finds Paris on the brink of a tremendous literary revolution. Indeed, the smouldering flames, that were soon to blaze so brilliantly and so furiously, had for years been slowly gaining volume. Long before this Shakespeare had startled the French academy by his bold, brilliant, and daring thought, so unorthodox from a classical standpoint and yet so vigorous and strong.

Later Goethe, by electrifying Germany, disturbed the profound serenity of the Parisian classics, while in France Chateaubriand had awakened the sleeping public with a note that lacked the old staid orthodox ring, and Lamartine, going still further into the broad realm of liberty in literature, had to a certain extent educated the people for the coming struggle. On the other hand, the Academy seemed impregnable—the Academy, home of classic style

—rendezvous of fossilized thought — headquarters of the literary elite—possessing at once the prestige of age, caste, and public regard; intrenched behind wealth and royalty; controlling the press and commanding the awe of the people. Its opinions in literature were final. It was orthodoxy in art and claimed the same right in its peculiar domain as in former years the church had asserted in religion, viz., the suppression and extermination of heresy. It was before this autocratic and all but supremely powerful organization that Victor Hugo, in the dawn of his splendid manhood, threw down the gauntlet of defiance and raised

A STORM OF INDIGNATION AND OPPOSITION

that for a time threatened to crush not only the dauntless leader of Romanticism, but the cherished cause of liberty in art. This conflict, which eventuated in a literary revolution, merits the attention of all thinkers.

It is more than interesting and instructive, it marks not only one of the most important epochs in the literary history of France, but what is of still greater significance, the *principles involved*, and for which the enthusiastic Romantics so nobly contended, underlie all true progress and civilization. Their triumph means life, growth, unfoldment, and advancement; their defeat means the tyranny of conservatism—slavery to daring minds. It was in truth a conflict of giants; the past warring with the impulses of the future; night striving to quench dawn; a bloodless revolution, bearing on its bosom the seeds of a broader life and more perfect civilization.

The year 1826 was drawing to a close, when, in the preface of the third volume of his "Odes," Victor Hugo in a few moderate and well chosen words indicated his conception of the principles of Romanticism. And one year later, in the celebrated preface to his remarkable dramatic poem "Cromwell," he expounded the broad principles of intellectual freedom as it pertained to literature and art at length. It was in this "Preface," which so electrified young France and so enraged the classics, that Hugo thus expressed his conception of the ages of poetry.

"Poetry has three ages, each of which corresponds to an epoch of society, the ode, the epic, and the drama. Primitive times are lyric: ancient times are epic; modern times are dramatic. The ode sings eternity. The epic consecrates history. The drama depicts life. The personages of the ode are colossuses — Adam, Cain, Noah. Those of the epic are giants — Achilles, Atreus, Orestes. Those of the drama are men — Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. The ode represents the ideal; the epic the grand; the drama the real. Finally, this triple poetry flows from three great sources, the Bible, Homer, and Shakespeare. Society, in truth, begins by singing its dreams; it then recounts its deeds, and lastly portrays its thoughts. Dramatic verse should be free, frank, direct, and sufficiently outspoken to say everything without prudery or affectation; able to pass by natural transitions from comic to tragic, from sublime to grotesque."

He further makes the dry bones of the academy fairly rattle by declaring that while Racine was a divine poet, he was no dramatist; and in Shakespeare civilization realizes "the highest poetic altitude of modern times."

The publication of the Preface to the Odes a year before

had been the signal for battle, but the bugle note sounded in the Preface to Cromwell was the rallying call of the new school, as it was also a challenge of war to the death, which the classics were not slow to accept.

Around Hugo quickly formed a brilliant coterie of young France, — artists and poets, sculptors and authors, as one man rallied around the banner of liberty and the ideal. A brilliant constellation that which surrounded the young leader, names destined to adorn Paris, honor France, and enrich the world of art and literature. In speaking of this celebrated Preface to Cromwell, Theophile Gautier said, "It shone in our eye like the Tables of the Law on Mount Sinai. Its arguments seem to us irrefutable."

On the other hand, the classics were ready and determined to annihilate the "Brigands of Thought," as they savagely termed their foe. From press, from stage, from rostrum, they poured their hot shot into the enemy's camp. Poetry, art, and literature were called into requisition to crush the enemy. "You are all savages," cried the infuriated classics. "Better that than mummies," retorted the enemy.

"Romanticism," wrote a distinguished Academician, "is not a matter of ridicule; it is a disease of the mind as much as epilepsy. A Romantic is a man whose brain is gone wrong; he is to be pitied and is a subject for medical diagnosis." One zealous classic wants vengeance meted out the daring child of genius and demand. "Shall Hugo thus, unpunished, verses make?" But the battle was not one of words alone, as will be seen from the fol-

lowing quotation from Alfred Barbou's charming biography of Victor Hugo.

"Fierce battles ensued, — not mock battles, where the combatants content themselves with hurling epithets at each other, but real combats with the fists, slaps in the face, vociferations, and even duels."

At last it was clearly demonstrated that in literature Romanticism had become firmly grounded. The new school

APPEALED TO THE GROWING IMPULSES OF THE HOUR, and in spite of organized, aged, and respectable opposition, the principles of liberty were rapidly gaining ground. The stage, however, still remained in the sole and undisputed possession of the classics. Yet here also the hour pressed when the fiercest of all literary battles would be fought before the footlights, for the mandate had gone forth that the drama must be captured, and Victor Hugo was even now hard at work on one of his great masterpieces — *Marion Delorme*. Alexander Dumas also sprang into the contest, and early in 1829 brought out his brilliant and successful romantic drama, *Henry III*.

In the same year, Victor Hugo, who had for some time been termed "the master," by the enthusiastic Romantics, completed his drama. His friends urged him to read it to a chosen few, to which request he finally acceded. The assembly was a brilliant one, there being scarcely one present who was not at a later day famous. Among the number was Alexander Dumas, De Vigny, Emile Deschamps, Sainte Beuve, Soumet, and Alfred de Musset.

The drama was listened to with breathless interest, save when its superior excellence called forth a volley of spontaneous applause.

The news of the strength and beauty of the new play soon flew far and wide. Great interest was everywhere felt, as the fortunate young Romantics who had heard the rendition, took great pleasure in dwelling on its beauties, at the clubs, in the salons, on the street, in the eating rooms, indeed everywhere, much to the displeasure of the Philistines, as the new school now called their ancient enemies. The actors at the Comedy Francaise were also captivated with the play.

THE REHEARSALS WENT ON BRAVELY,

the scenery was completed, the properties ready, when it was rumored that the classics had worked secretly and worked well. They had influenced their brethren, the censors, who in turn forbade the production of the play, alleging as reasons that the allusions to Louis XIV. might arouse popular enmity against King Charles, who in some respects resembled Louis.

From the censors, Hugo appealed to M. de Martignac, but the great minister gave him a cold reception and refused to interfere. Next the poet asked for an audience with King Charles. It was granted, but the king upheld his censors, though in order to compensate the poet and retain his favor, he tendered him six thousand francs, which Hugo promptly and firmly declined.

For this the royalist press denounced him, while the

opposition applauded. The classics were victorious, nor were they slow to gloat over their skilfully executed plan whereby the leader of the opposition, in the moment of victory, met a cruel and disheartening defeat. Nothing daunted, however, Victor Hugo at once set to work on a new drama to take the place of *Marion Delorme*, and

IN TWO MONTHS *HERNANI* WAS CREATED.

This dramatic masterpiece was received with great favor among the disciples of the new school, but rehearsals had scarcely commenced before the censors required many changes, and referred to the entire drama as "A tissue of extravagances, generally trivial, often coarse—to which the author has failed to give anything of an elevated character." Further on, these monuments of departing thought observed that "It will be for the benefit of the public to see to what extremes the human mind will go when freed from all restraint." Such were the comments of the censors on one of the most magnificent creations that adorn the dramatic literature of France—so blinded can partisans become to the ability of their opponent that reason and judgment surrender to prejudice and hatred.

Baffled in the attempt to have the censors interdict the play, the classics now became desperate. The company at the *Theatre Francaise*, where the rehearsals were being carried on, received the work with enthusiastic acclamations. The zealous Romantics talked of little else, while on the other hand the Philistines, who received from the censors snatches of the work, paraphrased and ridiculed them in

the press, on placards and in the salon. A general outline of the play also secured from the same source, was promptly burlesqued and placed on a variety board. All this contributed to the growing excitement. But the classics stopped not here. They refused to relinquish the hope of again securing the prohibition of Victor Hugo's play on the eve of its production. They were in truth alarmed. The magnificent works which the young Romantic writers were rapidly bringing out were charming the public. Romanticism was rising, while the classic school was suffering eclipse. Desperate means must be resorted to. *Left to the merits of the case, the old felt that it could not cope with the new. What was to be done? That which ancient, fossilized, and despotic thought has ever resorted to when no longer competent to successfully combat the spirit of progress. It resorted to authority to crush the daring genius, who faced the future rather than knelt at the shrine of the past.* Accordingly

KING CHARLES WAS PETITIONED TO PROHIBIT THE PRODUCTION OF HERNANI

at the Theatre Francaise, and to further forbid the enactment of any plays brought out by the "new school." "Let the boards be reserved," pleaded the classics, "exclusively for writers who really appreciate the true and the beautiful."

The King fittingly replied that "*In literary matters my place, gentlemen, is only like yours, among the audience.*" It will be observed that in the conflict of religion, when

thought sought to break the fetters of a superstition, the church appealed to the State to suppress the religious heresy, and wherever the government heeded these appeals, persecution and bloodshed followed. For a time the religious monopoly succeeded. The day of progress seemed going out, until a reaction swept back the spirit of a dead and intolerant past, and

WELCOMED FREEDOM, THE MOTHER OF PROGRESS.

In literature, in Paris, the same battle was now being fought, and had King Charles yielded, for a time at least, liberty or freedom in literature, so far as it related to the drama, would have suffered an eclipse, *just as at the present day in several States of this government, medical freedom has, through the cunning and the intrigue of an organized medical trust, been denied the free people, and the progressive impulses of newer and safer methods and systems of cure for a time been outlawed, that ancient thought might enjoy a fat monopoly.*

We mention this to illustrate the tactics ever resorted to by organized bodies whose impulses are not in harmony with the restless, progressive spirit of the hour, when they realize that they can no longer compete with growing thought, outside and independent of their influence. Each instance illustrates bigotry and selfishness appealing to authority to be bolstered and protected by law. *It is also one of the greatest evils against which a free people have to contend.*

Bitterly disappointed in not securing the royal interdict,

the classics set to work to bribe the claqueurs, who are ever present at Parisian theatres, to applaud for money at the proper place and thus enthuse an audience. Hugo, having gained an intimation of this, to the consternation of the company, declared he would have no hired claqueurs. The classics had meantime bought a large number of the best seats; but the Romantics were not asleep.

Theophile Gautier, with a chosen hundred, representing many of the brightest rising lights in literature, painting, and art, volunteered to take the place of the mercenaries. These enthusiasts furthermore determined to brave ancient thought and defy customs. They accordingly appeared in all manner of costumes save the reigning styles.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER WORE A FLAMING RED VEST,

pale green pants with a black velvet stripe down the seams, a black coat with broad velvet facing, and a grey overcoat trimmed in green satin. That red vest afterward became historical. In costumes slightly less striking appeared the ninety and nine, who with many friends and sympathizers gathered before the Theatre Francaise at three in the afternoon on February 25, 1830.

They assembled thus early to secure their stations and arrange all details for the night's performance. After all preliminaries had been arranged, they sang, chatted, and finally lunched, for even their enthusiasm did not seriously interfere with their appetites. Thus when the audience began to assemble at seven o'clock on that most memorable evening, they were amazed to find the young "brigands of

thought," picnicking in the temple of the drama. In due time the classics also thronged the orchestra. They glared upon the gaudily attired enemy with the ferocity of enraged beasts, and not unfrequently their feelings found vent in angry utterances. One of Hugo's biographers thus graphically pictures the strange scene witnessed within the walls of the Theatre Francais on this never to be forgotten eve.

"The two civilizations found themselves face to face with war in their hearts, and with head erect they glared upon each other, ready to discharge their volleys of vituperation. Gautier's red waistcoat was, of course, a conspicuous object and became the theme of perpetual banter, but the young Romantic only smiled contemptuously, and disdaining all ridicule, stood with fists closed ready to resent any direct provocation that should be given. Endowed with prodigious strength, he seemed only waiting his opportunity to show himself a Samson among the Philistines."

At length the critical hour arrived. The curtain rose. The actors beheld a turbulent ocean before them; an ocean of conflicting thought, lashed into foam. A desperate determination was plainly visible in the set countenances of the representatives of the old and the new. A crisis in dramatic literature was pending. The classics and Romantics felt the import of the conflict. Scarcely had the opening lines been voiced before the tumult commenced with groans, hisses, and hoots of derision from the Philistines, while rounds of thundering applause came in successive volleys from the champions of liberty in literature.

At times above the din and roar, one might have heard Theophile Gautier in strongly impassioned voice crying to

a hooting tier of classics behind him, "*To the guillotine with the sycophants! To the guillotine! Down on your knees!*" At length a lull would enable the actors to proceed, but this lull was ever and anon followed by a return of the tempest with redoubled ferocity. This was continued through the first and second act. With the third act, however, the magnificent play so superbly enacted, called forth the applause of the hitherto neutral element in the audience. This applause grew greater and greater, with each fine passage rendered, until the impotent cries and hisses of the exasperated classics were drowned in the thundering applause of the multitude.

At the close of the fourth act, a publisher sent for Victor Hugo, stating his business was urgent. Leaving his box, the poet met the publisher, who said: "I want to buy the right to publish your play. At the close of the second act I determined to offer you two thousand francs; at the third, I was willing to give three thousand; at the close of this act I offer you six thousand francs, for I fear if I wait till the play closes, I will be willing to give you ten thousand francs." The bargain was consummated in a neighboring shop, and the amount paid Hugo on the spot. Nor did it come out of time, for at that moment the poet had but fifty francs, and only a short time before he had thus pathetically depicted to a friend his straitened circumstances.

"You know that I am overwhelmed, overburdened, crushed, throttled. The comedie Francaise, Hernani, the rehearsals, the green room rivalries of actors and actresses, the intrigues of the press, and

the police; while on the other hand, my private affairs are much embroiled—my father's estate not yet settled. Our property in Spain has been confiscated by Ferdinand VII. Our houses in Blois, our stepmother is striving to keep us from realizing on, consequently nothing, or next to nothing, is saved out of the wreck of a considerable fortune. Such is life."

The triumph of *Hernani* was unmistakable, although the press comments at that time were exceedingly severe. For forty-five nights the play crowded the theatre, and only owing to the necessity of the leading lady enjoying a rest was it withdrawn.

We cannot close the description of this great battle and victory, wherein romantic drama established itself on the French stage without recalling

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

in the "*Memoirs de Dumas*," which shows how thoroughly partisan were the young champions of Romanticism. When the part of the play was reached which describes Ruy Gomez confiding his kinswoman, whom he intended shortly to marry, to King Carlos, and *Hernani* exclaimed to Gomez, "*Vieillard stupide*, [you old stupid,] he is in love with her," one of the most pronounced of the classics, M. Perseval de Grand Maison, who was also deaf, understood the expression to be "*Vieil as de piques*" [old ace of spades]. This filled his breast with righteous indignation. His bald head grew red with wrath, as he shouted "This is too much, for shame!" The young Romantist, Lassailly, who sat in an adjoining seat, but who had not caught the expression, in-

quired, "What did you say?" "I say," retorted the classic, "that it is a great shame to call a worthy old character like Ruy Gomez, an ace of spades." "Shame, sir? Not at all," cried Lassailly. "He had a perfect right to do so. Cards were invented, yes, M. l'Academician, I should have thought you would have known that cards were invented in the days of Charles the Sixth. Bravo, Hugo — Bravo, old ace of spades."

In after years Theophile Gautier thus wrote of this stormy but glorious time: "The present generation can never duly comprehend the efforts that were made to liberate them from long established bonds of foolery." Of course the triumph of *Hernani* did not complete the triumph of Romanticism. For long years the conflict raged with varying success, but it marked the turning tide. It was the handwriting on the wall, which declared the ultimate triumph of the new dispensation in literature. We may gain some idea of the import of the victory won by *Hernani*, by the following magnificent passage from the pen of Paul de Saint Victor.

"The flag of liberty in art was first planted by *Hernani* on the breach of an assaulted citadel. What *Cid* was for the ancient stage such was *Hernani* to the new, at once a revolution and a renaissance. The mission of *Hernani*, when it appeared in 1830, was to overturn the false classic tragedy that Corneille had reared in marble, and Campastron to De Jouy had imitated in plaster. *Hernani* sounded his horn as Joshua blew his trumpet and the three unities tottered to their fall. A long array of living personages, genuine flesh and blood, natural with human passions, fanciful and lyrical, strange it might be and picturesque in their attire, came trooping in from every epoch of

history, to take the places where hitherto abstract kings had been accustomed to recount their abstract dreams.

The main design of this literary revolution was to annihilate the trashy repetitions of the old drama, and to stamp out the commonplace conventionalities of comedy, where true eloquence was only aped by a laborious rhetoric.

The Romantics have been likened to barbarians, and they may do worse than accept the comparison. Wherever the horse of Attila set his hoof, the grass would grow no more — so where Victor's drama has made good its footing, the miserable thistles and the artificial flowers of the false classic style have never again been seen.

The renaissance was magnificent, and requickened every form of language and of thought."

Here is one of Victor Hugo's little poetic gems, which forcibly illustrates how the strong, vigorous, and in some instances, terrible writer, could also present thoughts as delicate, sweet, and tender as the perfume of the most sensitive and fragrant flower. This poem is entitled,

"THE ROSE AND THE TOMB."

The tomb said to the rose :

"With the tears by morning shed

What doest thou, flower of love?"

And the sweet rose answering said,

"What doest thou with that which falls,

Within thine ever open walls?"

Said the rose, "O sombre tomb,

I make, when night shades lower,

Of these tears a sweet perfume."

Said the tomb, "O plaintive flower,

Of every soul that to me hies,

I make an angel of the skies."

CHAPTER III.

ETHICAL TEACHINGS.

FRAGMENTS THAT REVEAL THE RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL
SIDE OF THE POET'S NATURE—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
—IMMORTALITY.

THE writings of Victor Hugo breathe forth the highest and noblest ethics, the profoundest philosophy, the broadest humanitarianism; in fact, from first to last they are a prayer for the oppressed, for liberty, and for education. When he touched fiction it was for a purpose. The mission of "Les Miserables" will not be accomplished until society is revolutionized; and we believe that this great work alone will in time accomplish for the poor, oppressed, and the down-trodden throughout the civilized world what Uncle Tom's Cabin accomplished for the slaves of this country. In this chapter we desire to give a few extracts from the writings of Victor Hugo, not only to indicate the breadth of mind, the grandeur of soul, or gentleness of heart, but because they are so rich in lessons all should learn, truths at once delicate and sweet, yet profound—expressions that make one *think*; and first we will listen to the novelist moralizing on

LOVE.

"What a grand thing it is to be loved! what a grander

thing still to love! The heart becomes heroic by the might of passion. Henceforth it is composed of naught but what is pure, and is only supported by what is elevated and great. An unworthy thought can no more germinate in it than a nettle on a glacier. The lofty and serene soul, inaccessible to emotions and vulgar passions, soaring above the clouds and shadows of the world, — follies, falsehoods, hatreds, vanities, and miseries, — dwells in the azure of the sky, and henceforth only feels the profound and subterranean heaving of destiny as the summit of the mountain feels the earthquake.

“The future belongs even more to hearts than to minds. Love is the only thing which can occupy and fill the immensity, for the infinite needs the inexhaustible.

“Love is a portion of the soul itself, and is of the same nature as it. Like it, it is the divine spark; like it, it is incorruptible, indivisible, and imperishable. It is a point of fire within us which is immortal and infinite, which nothing can limit and nothing extinguish; we feel it burning even in the marrow of our bones, and see it flashing in the depths of the heavens.

“Love is the salutation of the angels to the stars. How sad the soul is when it is sad through love! What a void is the absence of the being who, of her own self, fills the world! Oh, how true it is that the beloved being becomes God! We might understand how God might be jealous, had not the Father of all evidently made creation for the soul, and the soul for love.

“Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments

when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be."

Here are a few extracts from his magnificent literary work entitled "William Shakespeare," which was written during his long exile on the Island of Guernsey :

NO TIME FOR DREAMING.

"The future presses. To-morrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a minute to lose. Quick! quick! let us hasten. The wretched have their feet on red-hot iron; they hunger, they thirst, they suffer. Alas! terrible emaciation of the poor human body. There is too much poverty, too much privation, too much immodesty, too much nakedness, too many houses of shame, too many convict prisons, too many tatters, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools: too many little innocents growing up for evil! The pallet of the poor girl is suddenly covered with silk and lace,—and in that is the worst misery; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek the best. Go, all of you, in this search! Where are the promised lands? Civilization must march forward. But before all, above all, let us be lavish of the light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects, let us supply souls with air. Quick, quick, O thinkers! Let the human race breathe. Shed abroad hope, sow the ideal, do good. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you

have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quit of obligation. To perform is to promise. To-day's dawn pledges the sun for to-morrow."

THE WANTS OF THE MASSES.

"Sacrifice to 'the mob,' O poet ! Sacrifice to that unfortunate, disinherited, vanquished, vagabond, shoeless, famished, repudiated, despairing mob; sacrifice to it, if it must be, and when it must be, thy repose, thy fortune, thy joy, thy country, thy liberty, thy life. The mob is the human race in misery. The mob is the mournful beginning of the people. The mob is the great victim of darkness. Sacrifice to it thy gold and thy blood, which is more than thy gold, and thy thought, which is more than thy blood, and thy love, which is more than thy thought; sacrifice to it everything except justice. Receive its complaint; listen to it, touching its faults and touching the faults of others; hear its complaints and its accusation. Give it thy ear, thy hand, thy arm, thy heart. Do everything for it, excepting evil. Alas ! it suffers so much, and it knows nothing. Correct it, warn it, instruct it, guide it, train it. Put it to the school of honesty. Make it spell truth; show it the alphabet of reason; teach it to read virtue, probity, generosity, mercy. Hold thy book wide open. Be attentive, vigilant, kind, faithful, humble. Light up the brain, inflame the mind, extinguish selfishness, and thyself give the example. For it is beautiful on this sombre earth during this dark life's brief passage to something beyond, it is beautiful that Force should have Right for a master,

that Progress should have Courage as a leader, that Intelligence should have Honor as a sovereign, that Conscience should have Duty as a Despot, that Civilization should have Liberty as a queen, and that the servant of Ignorance should be the light."

There is profound philosophy in the following graphic observations.

WHERE THE IDEAL IS ECLIPSED.

"The belly is to humanity a formidable weight. It breaks at every moment the equilibrium between the soul and the body. It fills history; it is responsible for nearly all crimes; it is the matrix of all vices. It is the belly, that by voluptuousness makes the sultan, and by drunkenness, the czar. This it is that shows Tarquin to the bed of Lucrece. It is the belly which counsels the ruined libertine, Cæsar, the passage of the Rubicon. To pass the Rubicon, how well that pays your debts! To pass the Rubicon, how readily that throws women into your arms! What good dinners afterward. And the Roman soldiers enter Rome with the cry "*Urbani, clauditi uxores, mœchum calvum adducimus.*" The appetite debauches the intellect. Voluptuousness replaces will.

At starting, as is always the case, there is some nobleness; this is the stage of the revel. There is a distinction between being fuddled and being dead drunk. Then the revel degenerates into guzzling. Man becomes a barrel: thought is drowned in an inner deluge of cloudy notions; conscience submerged cannot warn the drunken soul.

Brutalization is consummated ; it is not even any longer cynical, it is empty and sottish. Diogenes disappears ; there remains but the tub.

“ Beginning with Alcibiades, we end with Trimalchio, and the thing is complete ; nothing is left, neither dignity, nor shame, nor honor, nor virtue, nor wit ; — crude animal gratification, thorough impurity. Thought is dissolved in satiety ; carnal gorging absorbs everything ; nothing survives of the grand sovereign creature inhabited by the soul.

Such is the final state of all societies where the ideal is eclipsed. This passes for prosperity, and gets the name of growth. Sometimes even philosophers heedlessly further this degradation by inserting in their doctrines the materialism which is in men’s consciences. This sinking of man to the level of the human beast is a great calamity. Its first fruit is the turpitude, visible at the summit of all professions ; the venial judge, the simoniacal priest, the hireling soldier.”

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

By way of illustrating his oft-repeated affirmation that education, more than aught else, would reduce crime, and that the hope of future civilization depended on the universality of the light of knowledge, he cited the following facts, taken from the record of the penitentiary of Toulon in 1862, where there were three thousand and ten prisoners. Of these Hugo observes : “ Forty knew a little more than to read and write, nine hundred and four read

badly and wrote badly, seventeen hundred and seventy-nine could neither read nor write. In this wretched crowd, all the merely mechanical trades were represented by numbers decreasing as you rise toward the enlightened professions, and you arrive at this final result: goldsmiths and jewellers in the prison, four; ecclesiastics, three; attorneys, two; actors, one; musicians, one; men of letters, not one."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

There has never lived a more outspoken or able foe of capital punishment than Victor Hugo; he ever held that "Death belonged to God alone." "Pay schoolmasters," he said, in communication to a Paris journal, "instead of executioners. Many a man has become a highwayman who, under proper guidance and better teaching, would have proved an excellent citizen. Consider this head before you proceed to decapitation; cultivate it, weed it, dress it, fertilize it, illumine it, vitalize it; you can do far better with it than cut it off."

Indeed his position on this great living question was so pronounced that it is well to pause a moment and view the great Frenchman, as he toils for the abolition of that frightful relic of barbarism — capital punishment.

On the 13th of May, 1839, while Victor Hugo was witnessing *La Esmeralda* at one of the Parisian theatres, word was brought that Barbes had been condemned to death for the part he had taken in an insurrection. He slipped to the green room, where, taking a sheet of paper,

he hurriedly wrote a few lines to be sent to Louis Philippe, making a most opportune allusion to the death of little Princess Mary, and the recent birth of the Comte de Paris. This was the message he sent to the king :

“ Oh, by the child that is gone, fled away like a dove,
 Oh, by the prince that is born, and claims your sweet love,
 The tomb and the cradle their messages send,
 Be gracious ! show mercy ! and pardon extend.

The royal Louis read the message with moisture in his eyes, and forthwith yielded to the petition of the poet.

When the raid of John Brown electrified the world, and the news of his sentence reached Europe, Hugo heard of it with amazement and profound regret ; later it was announced that Brown had received a temporary reprieve, that his execution, which was set for December second, would not take place until the sixteenth of the same month ; immediately Victor Hugo penned a most remarkable plea for the life of the condemned man, so striking in its prophetic intimation, so strong in its broad humanitarian spirit, we give below, from it, some extended extracts :

“ When we think of the United States of America, a majestic form arises before the imagination,—Washington.

“ Now, in that country of Washington behold what is taking place at this moment.

“ There are slaves in the States of the South, which as the most monstrous of contradictions, outrages the pure and logical conscience of the States of the North. These slaves, these negroes, a white man, a free man, John Brown, desired to free. Certainly if insurrection is a sacred duty, it is against slavery. John Brown desired to com-

mence the work of salvation by the deliverance of the slaves of Virginia. A Puritan, religious, austere, full of the Gospel, *Christus nos liberavit*, he threw out to these men, to these brothers, the cry of liberty. The slaves, enervated by servitude, answered not to the appeal. Slavery produces the deafness of the soul. John Brown, abandoned, fought alone; with a handful of heroic men he struggled; he was riddled with balls; his two young sons, holy martyrs, fell dead by his side; he was taken. This is what is called the affair of Harper's Ferry.

"John Brown taken was tried with four of his men, Stephens, Copp, Green, and Copeland.

"What was this trial? Let us tell it in two words:

"John Brown, on a stretcher, with six wounds, scarcely closed, one shot in his arm, one in his back, two in his chest, two in his head; hearing with difficulty; the blood dripping through his mattress; the shades of his two dead sons near him; his four fellow prisoners wounded, dragging themselves along by his side; Stephens with four sabre cuts; 'justice' eager and hurrying on; an attorney Hunter who wishes to be quick; a Judge Parker who consents to this; the pleadings cut short, almost all delay refused; forced or mutilated documents produced; witnesses for the prisoner driven away; the defence trammelled; two guns loaded with canister in the yard of the tribunal; orders to the jailors to shoot the accused if there is an attempt to rescue them; forty minutes for deliberation; three men sentenced to death. I affirm upon my honor that that did not come to pass in Turkey, but in America.

"These things are not done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience is an open eye. Let the judges of Charlestown, let Hunter and Parker, let the slaveholding jury, let the whole people of Virginia remember it; they are seen. There is Some One.

"The gaze of Europe is fastened at this moment upon America.

"John Brown, condemned, was to be hung on the 2d of December (this very day).

"The news comes on the instant. A reprieve has been granted him. He dies on the 16th.

"The interval is short. Has a cry of pity hence time to make itself heard there ?

"It matters not, our duty is to raise our voice.

"The executioners of Brown, we declare it aloud (for kings are passing away, and the people are coming, and we owe the truth to the people), the executioners of Brown will be neither Attorney Hunter, nor Judge Parker, nor Governor Wise, nor the little State of Virginia; it will be, we tremble to think and to speak it, the great American Republic entire.

"Before such a catastrophe, the more we love that Republic, the more we venerate it, the more we admire it, the more we feel oppressed at heart.

"When we reflect upon what Brown, this liberator, this soldier of Christ, attempted, and when we think that he is about to die, and that he dies slaughtered by the American Republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the nation which commits it; and when we reflect that this nation is a glory of the human race, that like France, like England, like Germany, it is one of the organs of civilization; that often she even surpasses Europe in certain sublime audacities of progress; that she is the apex of a world; that she bears upon her brow the vast light of liberty, we affirm that John Brown will not die, for we recoil terrified before the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people !

"From the political point of view the murder of John Brown would be an irreparable blunder. It would be a latent fissure in the Union which would end in severing it. It is possible that the execution of Brown might consolidate slavery in Virginia, but it is certain that it would shatter the whole American democracy. You save your shame, but you destroy your glory.

"From the moral point of view, it seems as though a portion of the light of man would be eclipsed, that the notion even of justice and injustice would be obscured upon the day when men should see the consummation of the assassination of deliverance through liberty.

"As for me, who am but an atom, but who, like all men, have in me all the human conscience, I kneel with tears before the great starry flag of the new world, and I supplicate with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, that illustrious American Republic, sister of the French Republic, to think of the safety of the universal moral law, to save John Brown, to cast down the threatening scaffold of the 16th December, and not to permit that under its eyes, and I add with a shudder, almost by its fault, the first fratricide should be surpassed.

"Yes, let America know it and look to it. There is something more frightful than Cain killing Abel; it is Washington killing Spartacus."

But not in individual cases so much must we seek for the result of his great work as in the wonderful inspiration of his labors, which have perhaps done more to humanize humanity than that of any man who has graced modern civilization; while his writings are rich legacies that will burn in the heart and soul of men of thought and principle, until the gallows with the rack and the stake will be a thing of the past, never to be mentioned by men without a blush of shame for its long continuance in our midst.

In 1851, Charles Hugo—a son of the great statesman and poet—wrote a strong and able editorial on an execution that had just taken place. The article gave offence to the government and the young man was arrested. Victor Hugo asked permission to defend him. In the course of his remarks, he said :

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will understand me when I say that if there is any guilty party in this case—that guilty person is not my son, but myself. Myself, I say, because for the last twenty-

five years I have been the open opponent of irrevocable penalties, and because I have publicly taken every opportunity of asserting the inviolability of human life. Yes, I declare that all my life I have strenuously and consistently opposed this remnant of savage codes, this ancient rule of retaliation, this vindictive law of blood for blood, and what I have done in the past, I will do in the future, while I have breath in my body. What I have done as a writer, I shall continue to do as a legislator, and this I avow as it were before Christ, the greatest of all victims of capital punishment. This I declare in the presence of that cross to which, eighteen centuries ago for the eternal instruction of the world, human law nailed the law that was divine."

Notwithstanding the eloquence, power, and pathos of the father's plea, young Hugo was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

At another time Victor Hugo in the assembly said:

"Capital punishment is the peculiar and undeviating sign of barbarism. Where capital punishment is frequent, barbarism prevails; where it is rare, civilization predominates."

These extracts serve to illustrate the intense interest of the great man in the well-being of humanity, or more especially, the poor, the unfortunate, the down-trodden, and degraded. The ethics taught by Victor Hugo are the amplifications of the sermon on the mount, and the Golden Rule. Toward the poor who were caught in the net of adverse circumstances and drawn down to sin and shame, he ever manifested the same spirit as Christ displayed toward the poor woman taken in sin. He had an abiding faith in the ultimate redemption of humanity.

On one occasion he said: "Everyone has done some good action, thought some good thought, felt some noble

emotion that might, nay, more, *will* bear him upward." But the burden of his appeals in behalf of the poor was for the light of education to be given to them, and that, until they had opportunities such as the more fortunate had enjoyed, justice should be strongly tempered with mercy; and certainly in this he was seconded by true justice rather than the blind brutality that is daily dispensed in the sacred name of justice.

It has been asserted by the ignorant, time and again, that Victor Hugo was an infidel because he boldly attacked beliefs which he felt were degrading and out of harmony with the great laws of light, progress, love, and wisdom. No more unjust or untruthful accusation was ever made than the charge of infidelity against the most illustrious child of the new France. He was profoundly religious, but as free from bigotry or intolerance as the tropics are free from snow. And it was his broad catholic spirit that stooped in love to save the most degraded and depraved; that sought to reform the criminal instead of pressing him still lower in the slough of brutality; that plead for the life of the condemned, holding that neither man nor nations had the moral right to take that holy, awful thing we call life. That tirelessly labored for the amelioration of the struggling poor, the education of the masses, the elevation of the people. That in fiction, poetry, essays, on the rostrum, by the fireside, in exile, and in the capital of the nation, always and in every manner taught the broadest, grandest, and most humane ethics that have enriched the literature of the nineteenth century.

His religious views are worthy of note because they echo the unwritten creed that lives and glorifies the heart of the truly religious masses.

For true religion, he ever cherished profoundest love and respect. I know of nothing more beautiful than his picture of "Father Welcome," the bishop in "Les Misérables." He was a man who lived up to the loftiest ethics contained in the teachings of Christ, an ideal priest who carried sunshine wherever he went.

IMMORTALITY.

No great man of the nineteenth century has entertained a belief in the future life more strongly nor contended for his conviction more bravely than Victor Hugo. On one occasion when speaking on this subject, the poet said :

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which

invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, 'I have finished my day's work'; but I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

"My work is only begun; I yearn for it to become higher and nobler, and this craving for the infinite demonstrates there is an infinity." Again he declares that "Man is a reduced copy of God, a duodecimo of the gigantic folio, but nevertheless the same book. Though I am an atom, I feel I am divine, gifted with divine power, because I can clear up the chaos that is within me.

"The works I have written are worlds in themselves, and I say this without a particle of vanity, cherishing no more feeling of pride than a bird that contributes its part to the universal song. I am nothing, a passing echo, but let me only live on through my future existence, let me continue the labors I have begun. Let me rise superior to the perils, the passions, the agonies that age after age may be before me, and who shall say whether I may not rise to the council chamber of that Supreme Ruler who controls all, and whom we own as God."

At one time he tenderly said to a poor distracted mother, who mourned the loss of a child, "Console yourself, for it is only a departure, and that for us alone. The dead are not even absent. They are invisible, but every time you think of your little one he will be near you."

We close this chapter with a few characteristic lines by

Victor Hugo, which reveal that which was ever so conspicuous in his nature. A great heart brimming with love and sympathy.

“ God gives us light at every step we go,
And tells us of His nature and our own ;
One certain law from all things here below,
And from mankind is shown.

All must obey that edict from above,
Which in the compass of each soul doth fall ;
Nothing to hate, dear child, and all to love—
At least to pity all.”

CHAPTER IV.

IN POLITICS AND IN EXILE.

EVOLUTION OF HEART, BRAIN, AND SOUL — THE PROPHETIC VISION OF VICTOR HUGO — THE COUP D'ETAT — A REWARD OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE POET DEAD OR ALIVE — HIS ESCAPE TO BRUSSELS — THE EXILE — LES MISERABLES — DEATH OF MADAME HUGO — RETURN OF THE EXILE — CLOSING SCENES IN HIS LIFE — HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL.

THERE is nothing more striking in the life of Victor Hugo, than the gradual expansion of his brain, heart, and soul. This is strongly marked in his religious convictions, which, from a childhood belief in a narrow and intolerant faith, grew, broadened, and enlarged, until his faith in God was that of a grand, brave man, who dares to think, who acknowledges naught holier than truth, and who refuses to believe that the Infinite One, who leads the forces of endless progress, possesses a soul less illuminated, less gentle, less loving, less magnanimous than his own. From his boyhood days, every step taken was marked by a gradual evolution, and a constant growth, a magnificent unfoldment year by year, month by month, day by day, and hour by hour, until he confronted that august moment when his great soul joined the master spirits of other ages, whose

lives like his had been devoted to the expansion of human thought and defence of liberty; the banishment of ignorance and crime, and the cultivation of all that which is tenderest, brightest, and holiest in the heart of man.

In literature, this same expanding of the intellect was no less marked. His early poetical compositions were in the beaten track of ancient thought and expression; true to the approved classic standard of that day. A few years later he was the recognized leader of liberty and originality in literature.

So also in politics — in childhood a royalist; in boyhood an ardent admirer of Napoleon the Great; in early manhood, a conservative republican; while later he espoused the cause of liberal or radical republicanism, uttering in prophetic tones the possibility and practicability of

THE ABOLITION OF IGNORANCE, MISERY, AND POVERTY
FROM THE FACE OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

This thought, leaping from the tongue of the great orator in the midst of one of his impassioned orations in the assembly, created a frenzy of excitement, some going so far as to cry out that "Hugo is crazy"; yet to-day the scales are beginning to fall from the eyes of many of our foremost thinkers, who in the multiplicity of events that are daily occurring, and in the still but powerful under-current of liberal thought, recognize the approach of a new civilization, and although the world sees but vaguely this coming truth, the invisible currents are tending toward it; the thousands of agencies both good and bad are

as inevitably bringing about a new order of things as the cruelty, oppression, and licentiousness of aristocracy for accumulated ages, and the corresponding want, misery, vice, and ignorance of the poor, with other influences, made the French Revolution inevitable — just as the injustice of Britain and the growing intelligence and independence of the colonies, made what seemed to all the world an impossibility, viz.: England acknowledged defeat at the hands of a cluster of little colonies. And so, amid the confusion of to-day, the smoke of conflict, the bitterness of strife, the cry of the poor, the mocking sneer of the rich, they of clearest vision begin to realize that Victor Hugo, when he beheld the coming day, was a prophet as well as a statesman; that his great heart beat in unison with a newer and happier age; that even then his clear perception beheld the massing of the forces of a better civilization, and the reaching out of the old regime for protective laws and statutory measures, behind which it hoped to resist the on-coming thought of to-morrow. We have already seen Hugo the recognized leader of Romanticism in the world of letters, carrying to a successful termination the most bitter literary conflict that has been fought in the realm of art in modern times. Now for a moment we wish to see him after he has been swept into the world of politics, for it was through politics that he was driven into exile — an exile that stretched over a lapse of nineteen years;

A LONG NIGHT FOR THE BANISHED LOVER OF FRANCE,
but a season rich in its gifts to humanity — gifts which

leaped from the brain of the poet during those weary hours of waiting.

In June, succeeding the Revolution of February, 1848, Victor Hugo was elected to the French Assembly, where he immediately became an acknowledged power. His courage in expressing his convictions, his clear reasoning, lofty and impassioned oratory and matchless command of language, gave him advantages possessed by few; while his great love for the people, his tender and humanitarian spirit, his intense devotion to liberty, education, and justice, made him a leader loved almost to idolatry by his friends, though owing to his withering denunciation of what he conceived to be wrong, unjust, cruel or dangerous to public weal, made him more cordially hated and thoroughly feared by his opponents than any other great positive character of his day and generation.

From 1849, when Hugo espoused the cause of liberal Republicanism and instantly became in politics what he had shortly before been in literature, a leader of the most liberal and advanced thought, the assembly hall was the arena where the most brilliant and terrible oratorical duels conceivable were almost daily taking place. Soon a danger arose in the political horizon. Victor Hugo's clear foresight quickly detected it. Napoleon, then the President of the Republic, had fastened his gaze upon the throne. The great poet no sooner beheld the imminent evil than he sounded the alarm in the assembly, on the rostrum, and in the press. In concluding a magnificent oration in July of '51, he exclaimed, "What! because we

have had a Napoleon the Great, must we have a Napoleon the Little?" That ringing utterance awakened Napoleon to the fact that Hugo had hurled the gauntlet in his face. From that moment war to the death was to be waged.

We are nearing a fatal hour. The Republic dreams far less of assassination than did Cæsar, when he spurned the soothsayer, yet she has been warned from the rostrum. The thunderbolt of Hugo's eloquence has thrilled the assassins with dread, but it has failed to arouse the masses. Other statesmen see the danger and cry out; they, too, are marked by tyranny. Is it fatality that freezes the people with indifference and closes their eyes to the real danger? Who knows? The second of December is upon us. Freedom is seized and gagged. Leading patriots fall asleep in the bosoms of their homes, little dreaming that warrants have been prepared and daybreak will see them in dungeons. A cry is heard in the city. Hugo is aroused. Frightful but not unexpected news is brought to his ear. The blow has been dealt; the flower of patriotism, statesmanship, and liberalism is languishing in prison, and yet the work is only just begun. With swelling heart the poet statesman rushes forth to rally the friends of freedom; of the events that followed, who is ignorant? The people at first stricken dumb with the immensity of the crime, then enraged to the point of determined resistance, only to be swept to earth by the missiles of the soldiery. Hugo flew from one point to another, reckless of life, thinking only of his country. He encouraged the people; he harangued the multitude. Officers had long

since sought to arrest him, but he eluded their grasp. At this time Dumas wrote to a friend, "My dear Bocage: This evening twenty-five thousand francs have been promised to any one who will arrest or kill Victor Hugo. If you know where he is, prevent his going out under any pretext." At length the agony is over; the second empire, crimson and dripping with blood, has arisen. No longer is resistance possible. What next? Hugo now thinks of himself, but

PARIS IS SWARMING WITH SPIES

greedy for the royal gift awaiting the one who arrests or murders the poet.

Now comes to view the touching illustration of the womanly loyalty, gratitude, and courage of Madame Drouet, a beautiful Parisian actress, who had been encouraged and aided by Hugo when she was struggling for name, fame, and livelihood. She now flew to the side of her benefactor, risking all for his escape. In her own *fiacre* she drove him from house to house, where dwelt friends, whom she felt would shelter the fugitive, but all declined. In vain she plead, implored, and wept. The people appreciated the frightful risks they would be taking by succoring the greatest enemy the new empire had at large. She did not despair, however, despite the perilous nature of the task, for crouching in the *fiacre* was the man whom the squads of soldiers by which they several times passed most wished to find; the individual that the police patrols, that ever and anon appeared, were searching for;

the proscribed whom the thousands of minions of the new empire were even then seeking for in the homes, in the streets, the byways and alleys of Paris.

At length in the house of a distant relative of the poet, Madame Drouet secured a temporary home for the refugee. Five days later, disguised as a pauper, and by use of a false passport, he escaped to Brussels. Instantly he began writing his "History of a Crime," which was finished in five months.

Next he composed "Napoleon the Little." Of this work Marzials says :

"Almost literally the language seems molten with passion and rolls in a stream-like lava, livid, scorching, devouring. As the reader is rushed through page after page, the horror of Louis Napoleon's crimes deepens upon him. What manner of ruler can this have been who solemnly swore his oaths before God and man and then violated them so cynically? What kind of Government was this which he had instituted? What crimes were these, what mire of blood, what infamy of cruel persecution, through which he had crawled his way to power? What eloquence had he quenched in the process? By what abject tools had he been absolved and declared innocent? So, through chapter after chapter, is the reader borne breathless and indignant,—noting every here and there some passage of brilliant rhetoric, like the famous description of Mirabeau as the incarnation of a New World speaking to the Old."

After the publication of "Napoleon the Little," the Belgian government requested him to leave the land. He repaired to Jersey, but the close proximity of the island to France, and the continued defiance of Hugo, caused Napoleon to influence the British government to drive him from

this asylum. From Jersey, the exile repaired to Guernsey, where he was warmly welcomed. Here in what was known as the Hauteville House, situated on the crest of a cliff, that overlooked the picturesque village of St. Sampson, the poet and his family spent the many remaining years of their exile. Here Hugo finished his wonderful criticism on genius and art, entitled "Shakespeare."

HERE, TOO, HE FINISHED "LES MISERABLES,"

that masterpiece of fiction that depicts so vividly man's struggle with unjust law, with vice, with ignorance, and cruelty; which pictures so touchingly the roses among the thorns; the virtue nestling where one looks for vice alone; the frightful condition of the bottom strata of society — those who live in the cellars physically, morally, and mentally, — the fragrance of pure love, and its wonderful power over the human heart; and lastly, the evolution of the convict, who by love was redeemed and transformed from a curse to society, to a man noble, just, and kind.

In the writing of "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo had a far higher object in view than a desire to simply amuse: he fully comprehended the needs of the hour, as will be seen from the following quotation from the preface to this work:

"So long as, owing to the operation of laws and customs, there exists a social damnation, creating artificial hells in the midst of civilization, and complicating destiny, which is divine, with an element of human fatality; so long as the problems of the age, the degradation

of man through proletarianism, the fall of woman through hunger, the atrophy of the child through the night are unsolved; so long as in certain regions social asphyxia is still possible; or, in other words, and looking at the matter from a more extended standpoint, so long as ignorance and misery remain upon the earth — so long books of this kind may not be without use."

During this period Victor Hugo composed a great number of those superb poems which contributed largely to his position in the foremost ranks of the greatest poets that France has given to the world. He also composed other works of fiction, as well as ever and anon raising his voice in behalf of the people, and against every form of tyranny, brutality, and inhumanity.

In 1868,

A GREAT GRIEF BEFELL THE POET,

in the death of his wife, Adèle Foucher, whom he loved so dearly when a boy, and whom he wedded when in the flush of early manhood, who had bravely and sweetly shared all his troubles, hardships, and trials, but the great joy was not given her of accompanying her husband back to Paris — she died an exile.

The hour was now nearing when the cup of Napoleon's illgotten prosperity was to be snatched ruthlessly from him. The sun of his success was fast sinking, though he knew it not. But what meant ruin to the Emperor, meant liberty to the poet. On the night of the 5th of September, 1870, one day after the revolution that succeeded the news of the Emperor's fall at Sedan, Victor Hugo left Brussels,

whence he had come some weeks previous, for Paris. It was ten o'clock at night when the train that bore the exile home reached the city. As the poet essayed to enter the carriage waiting for him at the station, he received such an ovation as was well calculated to move to tears a nature far less sensitive than his. The cry "Vive Victor Hugo!" that rent the air, coming from tens of thousands of voices, was uttered with such unanimity as to strikingly emphasize the emotion felt by the great masses of Paris, on seeing once again in their midst the face so loved, and so revered by the people. M. Alphonse Daudet in speaking of this great ovation, says: "Never can I forget the sight as the crowd passed along the Rue Lafayette, Victor Hugo standing up and being literally borne along by the multitude." On reaching the house of Paul Meurice, where the poet was to sojourn, the multitude compelled him to speak to them. Although the emotions that swelled within his breast were so tremendous, he found great difficulty in expressing in a measure the thoughts that filled his brain, or rapture that thrilled his heart.

We have now come out of the shadow into the sunshine, so far as the surroundings of the poet are concerned. The events of the succeeding fifteen years are so fresh in the minds of the people that it is needless to dwell upon them. Loved and honored by his countrymen, his advice and counsel were ever sought during the many perilous hours when the young Republic seemed to be approaching a crisis. Though it is true that there was a time shortly after his

return when he made himself quite unpopular by pleading for the lives of the convicted members of the Commune, yet no one who had followed the poet's life would have expected anything else from him than his earnest, eloquent, and magnificent plea for the lives of his misguided countrymen, for Victor Hugo ever felt that human life was sacred, and, furthermore, he felt that the ignorant and unenlightened should be treated with far more consideration than those who, like Napoleon the Third, had enjoyed all the opportunities of education and enlightenment.

From the hour that Victor Hugo reached Paris until May, '85, when he received the summons to go up higher, he worked as indefatigably as during his long exile. The poetry he wrote during those closing years was alone sufficient to have rendered him immortal among poets; while in the legislative halls and in the press he was constantly heard on all the great themes that affected the well-being of his nation and of the people.

As we have said before, no great man of our century has entertained a more pronounced belief in eternity and the existence of a loving God than did Hugo; yet no one had a greater aversion for the rights, forms, and popular prejudices of the more rigid of the religious bodies than did he.

There were those who believed and felt that when the hour came for the poet to leave this world, his eyes would be set upon the church, or that fear would overtake him. Their expectations were far from being realized. When he felt the chill of death upon him,

A WONDERFUL SERENITY FILLED HIS SOUL;

a conviction that he was about to meet not only the many loved ones who had passed from him, but the splendid intelligences who in other ages had, like him, sought to elevate mankind. In a memorandum made by the poet only a short time before his death, he said: "I give fifty thousand francs to the poor. I wish to be taken to the grave in their hearse. I refuse the prayers of all churches. I ask for a prayer from every human soul. I believe in God."

When it was noised abroad that Victor Hugo was dead, all Paris went into mourning. Crape hung everywhere. In fact, one writer states that it seemed as if the entire city was shrouded in crape. His request to be taken to the grave in the hearse used for the poor was respected, but the country refused to grant him a simple burial.

He was the greatest poet of his generation. He was one of the greatest statesmen of the age. To the Republic he was peculiarly dear, having championed her cause in her darkest hours, and suffered exile in her behalf. He was conspicuously the friend of the people; their cause he had ever made his own. Hence it was fittingly decreed that he should have a public funeral, and that his remains should rest in the Pantheon. More than a million people were in his funeral train. Never since the great demonstration when the remains of Napoleon were borne to Paris, had France witnessed such a funeral — surely never in the history of that nation had one passed from the people so dearly loved, respected, and revered as Victor Hugo.

Fitting indeed, when applied to him are the following lines from the pen of Longfellow :

"Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

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